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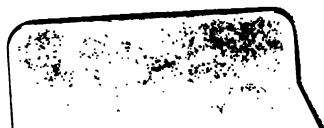
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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

A WHISPER

TO A

NEWLY MARRIED PAIR.

LONDON :
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.



Drawn by J. Marchant

Engraved by S. Allen

THE FAIRY-TALE WHICH I HAVE THE VERY
GREATEST OPINION IN THE WORLD IT WOULD
BE THE PICTURE OF A WIFE &c.

Page 156.

A WHISPER
TO A
NEWLY MARRIED PAIR
FROM
A WIDOWED WIFE.

EDITED BY CLARA L. BALFOUR.

EIGHTH EDITION.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR HOULSTON AND STONEMAN,
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1850.



P R E F A C E.

IN offering the following hints of advice, it must not be supposed that I speak merely to the newly-married pair; for in those moments of early love, a husband and wife are to each other generally all that could be wished. No! my admonitions extend to that sober period when novelty has lost its attraction, and the ardour of youthful affection has abated.

Previous to a perusal, a mutual promise should be made, that if the husband reads with attention the *Whisper* addressed to HIM, his wife will read, with equal attention, the *Whisper* addressed to HER. And each

should remember, that of all the pleasures that endear human life, none are more worthy the pursuit of a rational creature than those which flow from mutual returns of conjugal love. A happy marriage comprehends all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and all the sweets of life. “To live without feeling or exciting sympathy,” says Dr. Johnson; “to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity—is a state more gloomy than solitude: it is not retreat, but exclusion, from mankind.”

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A WHISPER TO THE WIFE.

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

“A WIDOWED WIFE!” That announcement on the title-page of this little work naturally excites attention and demands explanation. When a person ventures on the task of advising others, in reference to particular duties and situations, we require to know what have been the experiences that authorize the assumption—how far the opportunities of observation have been so extended, or the discipline of life so peculiar, as to render the opinions valuable, and to sanction the self-imposed office of a mentor.

A memoir of the writer of the following pages, by her sister,* informs us that she was a native of Ireland, of respectable Protestant family and education; that she grew up

* “A Tribute of Affection to the Memory of a beloved Sister, contained in a Sketch of the Life of Mrs. B——.” Houlston & Stoneman.

amidst a family of affectionate and intelligent brothers and sisters ; and that all the circumstances of her youth were favourable to the formation of a superior character. She was early remarked for possessing many natural advantages of mind and person, and for having profited by a good education. In opening womanhood, her hand was sought by many suitors ; she felt a distinguished preference for one among them, and her choice was happily sanctioned, by the approbation of her family. At the time of her marriage, all was bright and fair in her opening prospects; her husband was a military man of high rank in the service, and he and his family connexions delighted to lavish the utmost affection and attention on the new member added to their relative circle. The esteem and love of every near relative of her husband she appears not only to have won, but to have retained through life ; they were (particularly her husband's sisters), as much attached to her as were her own family, by whom she was almost idolized. This speaks highly, indeed, for her amiability and sweetness of temper. Alas ! instances are not rare

where the close connexions of a husband view the young wife somewhat as an inter-loper they must endure, but cannot cordially welcome; or the wife feels jealous of the influence of early affections and kindred ties on the mind of her husband, as if they usurped some portion of the love that ought to be her's. No such misconceptions checked the full tide of friendly sympathy between the subject of our remarks and her new relatives. But though thus eminently successful in winning the esteem and love of all her kindred, the principal object of her own devoted tenderness, he on whom her earthly happiness depended, after a brief period of apparently ardent and assiduous attachment, became indifferent, cold, faithless;—deserted his amiable and accomplished wife; and she, “a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit,” returned to her own family, to her widowed mother's roof, to bear, as best she might, the wreck of her happiness, the shattering of the bark in which she had treasured up her earthly hopes and affections.

Fortunately, most fortunately for her, in the midst of this desolation and sorrow, she

was not without consolation. In her years of happiness and joy, religion had been to her something more than a mere name, an empty form. It had been a vital reality—felt—lived!—subordinating her will, sublimating her affections, regulating her actions. And in the hour of sorrow she found, that He in whom she trusted was a “very present help in time of trouble.” In time she was able to understand the deep experience of the Psalmist, “It was good for me to have been afflicted.”

Thus invigorated by a closer walk with God, a more constant contemplation of the man of sorrows, she was enabled to bear her lot, not only with resignation, but serenity. She uttered no reproach against the author of her affliction, repined not at the painful position in which a woman so circumstanced is always placed—a mark for the lynx-eyed detraction and equivocal pity of the surmising and censorious world; nor made any attempt at self-justification. Possessed of considerable talents, and the power of expressing her thoughts and feelings in fluent and graceful verse, she disdained to use those

gifts as many would have done, in either justifying herself, or accusing her husband, or arousing the sympathies of society. It was enough for her to know, that she had wilfully neglected no office of love, no deferential attention, no duty of social life, that could have either prevented her husband's dereliction from rectitude, or won him back again to virtue; she felt acquitted before God, and she did not wish her husband should be condemned by man.

That her heart, though cruelly bruised, was neither chilled nor alienated, is evidenced in her letters to intimate friends, and corroborated by the testimony of her family. Very beautiful, and right womanly, is the following letter to a sister, whose husband was on foreign service :—

“ Oh! M——, when you are tempted to repine at your separation from dear W——, **THINK OF ME**—think of ‘ the woman forsaken and grieved in spirit,’ of her who would give—what would she *not* give?—for the same hope that you have. He (her husband) was lately dangerously ill; until this circumstance

I hardly knew the nature of my feelings for him. It was no foolish fondness or affection, it was a *concern for his never-dying soul*; and with tears and prayers, I besought the Lord in his behalf, and implored he might never be called into eternity until he is reconciled by faith to his God. He is now recovered, and expected in the neighbourhood soon. Now begin afresh my conflicts and frettings; and oh! begin, my God, to manifest thy strength and power in my heart, and teach me to soar above every disquiet."

On one of the anniversaries of her wedding-day, she concludes a letter addressed to her sisters thus:—

"I am striving all day not to think. Look at the date of this memorable day! important to my heart, (though of no consequence to any one else,) till the day dawns no more for me. Back, back, my tears—'tis all over with me now—I cannot write another line."

The following plainly shows us the source of her consolation:—

"Is your lot in this life dark and stormy?

Oppressed with pain and sickness, perhaps you are groaning under the chastening hand of God. Loss of friends, loss of property, blasted hopes, disappointed feelings, unkindness from others, trials in various shapes may distress you, yet 'fear thou not, for God is with thee; be not dismayed, for he is thy God—he will strengthen thee, he will help and uphold thee.' Then grieve no more, poor mourner, grieve no more, for there is a glorious heaven secured for thee—secured by the blood which flowed from thy wounded Saviour. 'I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?' If thou believest it, then fear not, shrink not from death,

'But on the solemn shore
Of that vast ocean thou must sail so soon.'

Walk happy and serene, and look on death as the friendly pilot sent to convey thee over the dark waves of life, to the haven of eternal rest. Oh, what a scene, when released from this house of clay, shall be presented to the expanded faculties of the soul! Oh, what a burst of glory shall fall upon the Christian

on his entrance into this blessed region !
'The power of God,' says Serle, 'can alone enable him to sustain the exceeding and eternal weight of glory !' Meditate constantly on the finished atonement that Christ has made for you. Let this be the anchor on which you rest ; the rock to which you cling. Be this your *only* plea, *Christ died* for me ; and when you approach the dark valley of the shadow of death, thou wilt fear no evil, for *His* rod and *His* staff shall comfort thee !"

Her resignation and sweetness were not merely passive qualities. She wisely resolved on living for usefulness, and though her sorrows had been increased by the loss of her beloved mother, and her own greatly impaired health, yet on becoming an inmate in her brother-in-law's family, she occupied herself with the education of his children, towards whom she showed an affection truly maternal, though in her own case she had never known a mother's joys or sorrows—a dispensation of providence that she regarded as most merciful in her circumstances. Her

talents, sweetness, active benevolence, and cheerful piety made her invaluable in the large family circle by which she was surrounded, and she industriously strove to devote to the good of others the wisdom she had gained in the stern school of adversity. But though "the spirit was willing" to bear up against sorrow, the flesh was weak. Her constitution had received a shock from which it never recovered. For many years partial paralysis confined her to her room, and made her, in a great measure, dependent on others. But still the growth in grace went on; in her case it was manifestly *a growth*, a constant increase. During the intervals of her illness, she employed herself in the composition of some little pieces in verse of a pious, sweet, and simple character, for her brother's children; and also some stanzas expressive of various moods of her own mind and feelings, and some little tributes of affection to friends. In addition to these she wrote the following "Whisper to a newly-married Pair," which obtained so much of public approbation that it passed through seven editions.

At length, having adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour, by a pure life and conversation, and glorified him in the furnace of affliction, she was mercifully dismissed to her exceeding great reward, where there shall be no more pain and death, "neither sorrow nor crying," "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The opinions of one who thus nobly endured the sharp discipline of circumstances, who in life, sufferings, and death was so exemplary, may well claim attention, for they come with all the authority of experience. She was not a mere theorist, writing ingenious speculations, and giving impracticable advice, nor

"A favourite of Fate, in Pleasure's lap caress'd;"

gilding all life's realities with the sunny hue of hope and pleasure, till the description dazzled the mental vision, and misled the judgment. No; she was taught by vicissitude, disappointment, and sorrow. Her spirit, though saddened, was not soured. She naturally, in her many sick and solitary hours, reviewed the duties and requirements of that conjugal estate in which she had been

both exemplary and unfortunate. She could estimate its joys and sorrows, for she had felt them both, and therefore she thought, perhaps, that the wisdom gained even by her disappointments, might be useful to others, particularly in directing attention to those minutiae of detail, those apparently subordinate but really important daily duties on which the permanent happiness of wedded life materially depends. Of no other condition of human association can it so truly be said, "Think naught a trifle, though it small appears," for daily life is made up of matters which, in the detail, are but trifles, a mosaic, in which the perfection of the whole depends on the nice arrangement of minute parts.

It may be proper to state that the following pages are in some extrinsic matters extensively altered from former editions. The opinions of the esteemed writer have not been interfered with, but modes of expression have been changed or modified, and some quotations struck out, and others substituted that appeared more suitable. In particular, the quotations from the Apocrypha, which the author gave as authoritative, have been

generally expunged. Merely as records of ancient opinions in reference to the subject discussed, these quotations were doubtless valuable, but they possessed no claims to the reverence she seemed to demand for them, and their value as advice was further neutralized by the fact of their applying to a state of society having little in common with modern domestic institutions.

It is hoped that these alterations will not render the "Whisper" less distinct and less potent for good, than it was designed to be by its afflicted and estimable author.

A WHISPER TO THE HUSBAND.

“Art thou my wife?—Is this kind Heaven’s decree?
Then let me prize what Heaven design’d for me!”

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ONE of the most honourable distinctions that can adorn the character of a man, is the appellation of a good husband; and he who deserves a contrary designation proclaims, in the strongest terms, his want of religion, his want of feeling, and his want of understanding. He cannot be a *good* man; because he violates one of the most sacred commands of God. He cannot be a *brave* man; because a brave man scorns to use with tyranny the power with which he is invested.

And he cannot be a *feeling* man. Oh, no ! a man of feeling will never draw tears from those eyes that look on him with affection, or voluntarily pain a heart that relies on him for earthly happiness.

Remember, your wife has left her home, her parents, and her friends, to follow you and your fortunes through the world. She has unreservedly committed her happiness to your keeping ; and in your hands has she placed her future comfort. Prize the sacred trust ; and never give her cause to repent the confidence she has reposed in you. It was not mere poetic declamation that a female writer used when she exclaimed—

“ Oh, 'tis an anxious happiness,
It is a fearful thing,
When first the maiden's gentle hand
Puts on the wedding ring !
She passes from her father's house
Unto another's care,
And who can tell what anxious hours,
What sorrows, wait her there ! ”

In contemplating her character, recollect the materials human nature is composed of, and do not expect perfection. Do justice to her merits, and point out her faults ; for I do not ask you to treat her *errors* with blind indulgence : *by no means* ; but en-

deavour to amend them with wisdom, with gentleness, and with love.

It is assumed, that in making her your wife, you have ascertained that there is congeniality of feeling and temper. Many characters, excellent in themselves, are unsuited to each other; before marriage is the time to ascertain whether sympathy exists. When this harmony is felt it has the effect of giving prominence to every real or fancied agreeable attribute, and throwing into the shade all others. To be willing to be pleased is often the great secret of being so. Allow me here to introduce a few lines taken from an admired little book, "The Economy of Human Life:"—"Take unto thyself a wife, but examine with care, and fix not suddenly: on thy present choice depends the future happiness of thee and thy posterity. If much of her time is destroyed in dress and adornments; if she is enamoured with her own beauty, and delighted with her own praise; if she laugheth much, and talketh loud; if her foot abideth not in her father's house, and her eyes with boldness rove on the faces of men; though her beauty were as the sun in the firmament of heaven, turn thy face from her charms, turn thy feet from

her paths, and suffer not thy soul to be ensnared by the allurements of thy imagination." "But when thou findest sensibility of heart joined with softness of manners, an accomplished mind with a form agreeable to thy fancy; take her home to thy house, she is worthy to be thy friend and companion." "Reprove her faults with gentleness; exact not her obedience with rigour; trust thy secrets in her heart, her counsels are sincere, thou shalt not be deceived." "She is the wife of thy bosom, treat her with love; she is the mistress of thy house, treat her with respect; she is the mother of thy children, be faithful to her bed."

"Oh happy lot and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of
love:

But beware, thou seem not to be holy, to win favour in the eyes
of a creature,

For the guilt of the hypocrite is deadly, and winneth thee wrath
elsewhere;

The idol of thy heart is as thou, a probationary sojourner on earth;
Therefore be chary of her soul, for that is the jewel in her casket.
Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy
house,—

A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train:
Let her be an heir of heaven; so shall she help thee on thy way,—
For those who are one in faith, fight double-handed against evil.
Take heed lest she love thee before God; that she be not an idolator:
Yet see that she love thee well—for her heart is the heart of woman;
And the triple nature of humanity must be bound by a triple chain,
For soul, and mind, and body—godliness, esteem, and affection."

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

IF your wife is an amiable woman, *if*, as the ancient writer says, *there be kindness, meekness, and comfort in her tongue, then is not her husband like other men.* (Ecclus. xxxvi. 23.) Prize, therefore, her worth; understand her value: for great indeed is the treasure you possess. Speaking of woman a late writer says, "I consider a religious, sensible, well-bred woman, one of the noblest objects in creation: her conduct is so consistent and well regulated; her friendship so steady; her feelings so warm and gentle; her heart so replete with pity and tenderness." Nowhere does she appear to so much advantage as in the chamber of the sick; administering to the wants of the sufferer, sympathizing in his pain, and pointing the way to his heavenly rest: as our great Scottish bard says,—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

Oh! how much more lovely and interesting to the heart does she appear in such scenes, than in all the blaze of beauty, armed for conquest, and decorated for the brilliant exhibition of fashionable pleasures!

Among the many amiable qualities of woman, I cannot help noticing two with which she appears gifted in a peculiar degree—resignation and fortitude. I remember hearing an eminent physician say, that he has been constantly struck with the superior quietness and resignation with which women supported bodily pain and suffering, as well as all the other evils of human life! When I speak thus, I of course allude to the sensible and superior part of the sex. It accompanies her to the retired and silent chamber; it supports her under pain and sickness, sorrow and disappointment; it teaches her to sympathize with her husband and all around her, and to inspire them with patience by her words and example. And while she seeks no notice, no reward, but the regard and approbation of her heavenly Father, she meekly acquiesces in his divine will, and says under every trial, “*Father, not MY will, but THINE be done.*”

Has it never been remarked, how superior,

in point of discretion, woman is to man? Now, reader, do not mistake me. I mean not to say she possesses more power of mind than man: in this particular, man claims, and we allow him, the prerogative; though, certainly, it is not *every* instance that proves its truth. But, in the quality of *discretion*, woman is decidedly and undoubtedly his superior. Unless it particularly concerns *himself*, a man seldom looks to the future consequences of what he either says or does, especially in small matters, or common-place occurrences. Now a sensible woman sees at once the *fit* from the *unfit*, attends to the minutiae of things, and looks through existing circumstances to their probable result. In short, a proper definition of the word *discretion* would exactly convey a just idea of my meaning.

—— “ So absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best !”

MILTON.

Mrs. H. More says, “ There is a large class of excellent female characters, who, on account of that very excellence, are little known; because to be known is not their object. Their ambition has a better taste :

they pass through life honoured and respected in their own small but not unimportant sphere, and approved by Him 'whose they are, and whom they serve,' though their faces are hardly known in promiscuous society. If they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or a colour; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dedicate to them;—but they possess the affection of their husbands; the attachment of their children; the esteem of the wise and good; and, above all, they possess His favour, 'whom to know is life eternal.' "

" A creature not too bright and good,
For human nature's daily food ;
For simple duties, playful wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Oh, Man! If Heaven, in its great kindness, has blest you with such a wife, bright

indeed rose the sun on your nuptial morn ;
prize her, love her, honour her, and be it the
study of your life to make her happy.

But the sacred volume places the value and importance of domestic virtues in the female character, in a point of view at once more grand and elevated than any modern production, and also associates high social responsibilities and dignified privileges with her condition, invests her with mental power and moral qualities, and throws around the whole the beaming mantle of spirituality ; as may be plainly perceived in the following extracts.—“ Who can find a virtuous woman ? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships ; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it : with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good : her candle goeth

not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." (Prov. xxxi. 10—30.)

To the question "*Who can find?*" propounded by the inspired penman, it may too often be replied, Who *seeks* "a virtuous woman?" Is she wealthy? is she pretty?

is she talented? are questions asked much more frequently, than, is she pious, sensible, industrious, affectionate? Oh, husband! we trust thou hast made a rational choice, otherwise our whisper will echo but sadly through thine ears.

CHAPTER III.

ON GENERAL CONDUCT.

EARNESTLY endeavour to deserve among your acquaintance the character of a *good husband*; and abhor that sort of *would-be* wit, which I have sometimes seen practised among men of the world—a kind of coarse jesting on the bondage of the *married* state, and a laugh at the shackles which a *wife* imposes. On the contrary, be it your pride to exhibit to the world that sight on which the Apostle passes such an encomium, as being “heirs together of the grace of life.” (1 Peter iii. 7.)

Supposing that you have chosen wisely, make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions. *Your* interest is *hers*: and undertake *no* plan contrary to her advice and approbation. Independent of better motives, what a responsibility does it free you from! for, if the affair turn out ill, you are spared reproaches both from her and

from your own feelings. But the fact is, she who ought to have most influence on her husband's mind, is often precisely the person who has least; and a man will frequently take the advice of a stranger who cares not for him nor his interest, in preference to the cordial and sensible opinion of a wife competent to offer it. A due consideration of the domestic evils such a line of conduct is calculated to produce, might, one would think, of itself be sufficient to prevent its adoption; but, separate from these, policy should influence you; for there is in woman an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration, and a foresight into the probable consequences of an event, that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice.—“If I was making up a plan of consequence,” said the acute Lord Bolingbroke, “I should like first to consult with a sensible woman.”

Have you any male acquaintance, whom, on *just* and *reasonable* grounds, your wife wishes you to resign? Why should you hesitate? Of what consequence can be the civilities, or even the friendship, of any one, compared with the wishes of her with whom you have to spend your life—whose comfort

you have sworn to attend to; and who has a right to require, not only such a trifling compliance, but great sacrifices, if necessary.

It is, in fact, here understood, that you have made your wife, prior to your marriage, acquainted with all your very dear friendships, and that from the congeniality of your sympathies with hers, your friends would be likely to be agreeable to her. Of course, if you value your own honour, you would not wish to compel your wife to receive any friend of yours whose principles and manners were not such as an intelligent woman could approve.

Never witness a tear from your wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial; but a *tear* is unequivocal; it comes direct from the *heart*, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and sincerity! Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek, her heart is touched; and do not, I again repeat it, do not behold it with coldness or insensibility!

It is very unnecessary to say that contradiction is to be avoided at all times. Mere tame, uninteresting acquiescence is not meant by this avoidance of contradiction; but a courteous freedom from all harshly expressed

opinions: especially, when in the presence of others, be most particularly watchful. A look, or word, that perhaps, in *reality*, conveys no angry meaning, may at once lead people to think that their presence alone restrains the eruption of a discord, which probably has no existence whatsoever.

Some men, who are married to women of inferior fortune or connexion, will sometimes have the meanness to upbraid them with the disparity. For such men I do not write. They would be incapable of attaining social happiness — their own baseness of spirit would prevent it. In reference to fortune, it would be well to remember, that you did not marry merely to oblige or please *your wife*. No, truly; it was to oblige and please *yourself*. Had she refused to marry you, you would have been (in lover's phrase) a very miserable man. Did you never tell her so? Therefore, really, instead of upbraiding her, you should be very grateful to her for rescuing you from such an unhappy fate.

It is particularly painful to a woman, whenever her husband is unkind enough to say a lessening or harsh word of any member of her family: invectives against herself are not half so wounding.

Should illness, or suffering of any kind, assail your wife, your tenderness and attention are then peculiarly called for; and if she be a woman of sensibility, believe me, a look of love, a word of pity or sympathy, will, at times, have a better effect than all the prescriptions of her physicians.

Perhaps some calamity, peculiarly her own, may befall her. She may weep over the death of some dear relative or friend; or her spirits and feelings may be affected by various circumstances. Remember that your sympathy, tenderness, and attention, on such occasions, are particularly required.

A man would not on any account use personal violence to his wife: but he will, without remorse, sometimes use to her language which strikes much deeper to her heart than the blow of any weapon he could make use of. "He would not, for the world," says an ingenious writer, "cut her with a *knife*, but he will, without the least hesitation, cut her with his *tongue*."

I have known some unfeeling husbands, who have treated their unhappy wives with unvaried and unremitting unkindness, till perhaps the arrival of their last illness, and who then became all assiduity and attention.

But when that period approaches, their remorse, like the remorse of a murderer, is felt too late : the die is cast ; and kindness or unkindness can be of little consequence to the poor victim, who only waits to have her eyes closed in the long sleep of death !

Perhaps your wife may be destitute of youth and beauty, or other superficial attractions which distinguish many of her sex : should this be the case, remember, many a plain face conceals a heart of exquisite sensibility and merit ; and her consciousness of the defect makes her peculiarly awake to the slightest attention or inattention from you : and just for a moment reflect—

“ What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within ?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply ?
Can loveliness of form, or look, or air,
With loveliness of words or deeds compare ?
No : those at first the unwary heart may gain ;
But these, these only, can the heart retain.”

Besides—you had eyes, and chose her.

Your wife, though a gentle, amiable creature, may be deficient in mental endowments, and destitute of fancy or sentiment ; and you, perhaps a man of taste and talents,

are inclined to think lightly of her. Complaints are unjust, unkind, and unwise. The time is past for complainings or invidious comparisons. If defects unseen before arise, resolve either to remedy them with diligence or bear them with gentleness. It is not, after all, the woman most gifted by nature, or most stored with literary knowledge, who invariably makes the most comfortable wife; by no means: *your* gentle, amiable helpmate may contribute much more to your happiness, more to the regularity, economy, and discipline of your house, and may make your children a much better mother, than many a brilliant dame who could trace with Moore, Scott, and Byron, every line on the map of taste and sentiment, and descant on the merits and demerits of poetry, as if she had just arrived fresh from the neighbourhood of Parnassus.

It is often the penalty demanded of great mental powers, that they should find companionship of intellect a rare blessing that does not often fall to their lot. This consideration should make people contented with their humble gifts; sympathy of mind, and congeniality of taste, being much more frequently the sweet boon permitted them.

Milton, Dryden, Addison, and even Dr. Young, are proofs that those who reach great heights of intellect must often occupy them alone, none sharing in their joy.

Should your wife be a woman of sense, worth, cultivation, and gentleness, yet not very expert at domestic details, (though I would not by any means undervalue this necessary part of female knowledge, or tolerate ignorance in my sex respecting them,) yet pray, good friend, do not, on this account *only*, show discontent and ill-humour towards her. If she is qualified to be your bosom friend, to advise, to comfort, and to soothe you;—if she can instruct your children, enliven your fire-side by her conversation, and receive and entertain your friends in a manner which pleases and gratifies you;—be satisfied: we cannot expect to meet in a wife, or indeed in any one, exactly all we could wish without any drawback. “I can easily,” says a sensible friend of mine, “hire a woman to make my shirts and dress my dinner, but I cannot so readily procure a *friend* and *companion* for myself, and a preceptress for my children.” The remark was called forth by his mentioning that he had heard a gentleman, the day before, finding

fault with his wife, an amiable, sensible, well-informed woman, because she was not clever at pies, puddings, and needlework! On the other hand, should she be sensible, affectionate, amiable, domestic, yet prevented by circumstances in early life from obtaining much knowledge of books, or mental cultivation, do not therefore think lightly of her; still remember she is your companion, the friend in whom you may confide at all times, and from whom you may obtain counsel and comfort.

There is no reason why these qualities of domestic skill and mental cultivation should not exist in one and the same character. A little gentle counsel given early in married life, by a kind husband, would tend to induce many a young wife to aim at this combination.

CHAPTER IV.

ON CONSTANCY AND FIDELITY.

It has been an unfortunate circumstance for the moral purity of society that some vices which are properly deemed great crimes in woman, are treated as comparatively venial in man. The law of human opinion and the law of God are at issue with reference to the moral code adopted by young men in their intercourse with the female sex. And it must be confessed, that the culpable indifference, or assumed ignorance of woman, with respect to the moral purity of the principles of man, has in a great measure perpetuated the evil alluded to, and even sanctioned crimes of which multitudes of their own sex have been the victims. The seducer of female innocence is often a favourite of society, while his victim is the mark for scorn and contumely.

It is strange to notice the follies into which vanity will hurry its possessor. Young

men without being actually guilty of sin, are not averse to have the reputation of gallantry; and assume manners foreign to and far worse than their real principles. Now, whoever has indulged prior to marriage in a light deportment, would do well to remember that the manner and conduct which in a *bachelor* was perhaps not culpable, is in a *married man* unbecoming and reprehensible: he who, among a party of females, as a young man, was admired for his thoughtless gaiety, will, most probably, be set down by the wise as a very flirting, careless husband, if he appears to prefer the company of every trifling, foolish girl, to the society of his wife. And be assured, however good sense and pride may conceal her feelings, this levity of manner never fails to give her pain: and a poor recompense indeed is the smile of a giddy girl, for calling forth any unpleasant sensations in the breast of a sensible and amiable woman.

When in the presence of others, let her laudable pride be indulged, by your showing you think her an object of importance and preference. The most trivial word or act of attention and love from you gratifies her feelings; and a man never appears to more

advantage, than by proving to the world his affection and preference for his wife. The tender deference which a man displays towards his wife, is in reality but a manifestation of his own proper self-respect, and it will be estimated accordingly, for in truth, there is scarcely a character which the world seems to value more than a good and tender husband.

Do not on any account let your wife suppose that she has not the first place in your admiration as well as affection. It often engenders uneasy feelings even in amiable women to hear their husbands run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women. I knew a gentleman who was constantly in the habit of saying, "Oh dear, such a charming woman!—such beautiful eyes! such a fine turned shape! such elegant manners!" &c. And I have at the same moment glanced at his wife, and observed a degree of awkwardness on her countenance struggling with an effort to look pleased. And yet, had any one but her husband been the panegyrist, she would have listened most probably with pleasure, and heartily concurred in the encomium. You call this jealousy! No: in truth, I call it a *natural* feeling, which can

be better felt than described. A generous, tender, manly appreciation of female excellence in general, is pleasing to all sensible wives. That kind of respect and admiration differs materially from the style of encomium described. The husband of a good wife will, for her sweet sake, honour all estimable women, and she also will understand this as a delicate tribute to her worth. She will feel that in her husband's eyes she has raised womanhood.

With regard to strict integrity, fidelity, purity, it is a theme too difficult and delicate to dwell on. Alas! that an allusion to it is imperative. Our majestic pure-souled Epic bard, Milton, finely says:—

“ Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from man
Among the bestial herds to range. By thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure—
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced.”

And one who in his chequered career had known the bitterness that lingers in the

tempting cup of sin, with great truth and beauty exclaims:—

“ The sacred bliss of well-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it,
But *never tempt the illicit rove*
Though nothing should divulge it :
I waive the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But oh ! *it hardens all within,*
And *petrifies the feeling.*”

When I quote a few words from the Bible, on this subject, is it possible any further comment can be necessary ?—“ The Lord hath been witness between thee and the wife of thy youth, against whom thou hast dealt treacherously : yet is she thy companion, and the wife of thy covenant. And did not he make one ? Therefore take heed to your spirit, and let none deal treacherously against the wife of his youth.”—Mal. ii. 14, 15.

Our blessed Lord inculcates purity of thoughts as well as life in reference to this sacred relation ship, “ Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery : but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery already with her in his heart.”—Matt. v. 27, 28 :

and again, at 31 and 32 of the same divine discourse. Consult also 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10; Rev. xxi. 8; Eph. v. 5; Gal. v. 19-21; Prov. vi. 32. On this subject there is "line upon line, and precept upon precept. For those who neglect them there is a fearful looking for of judgment.

CHAPTER V.

ON DOMESTIC HABITS.

A CLEVER writer says, "If a man, after the business and fatigues of the day, could return to his house where his wife was engaged with domestic cares and an attention to her offspring, he must be a monster of savageness and stupidity, if he did not strongly feel the influence of her virtues, and if they did not convey a soft rapture to his heart."

I never knew a man who studied his wife's comfort, in truth I never knew any amiable or domestic man, fond of leaving his own fireside to frequent clubs or taverns; and however a wife may conceal her displeasure, it must be always a matter of pain to her when such is the case. It is such an useless expense, (not to say a word of its *sinfulness*,) such a worthless waste of time, such a senseless, sottish, gluttonous thing! A man leaves his comfortable fireside, an amiable wife, and smiling babes, perhaps neglects business

of consequence, he does what is contrary to the Word of God and annoying to his wife, throws himself into the way of drinking, gambling, and a variety of temptations, squanders away money which most probably is wanted at home;—and all for what? Just to pass an hour or two with a set of *bon-vivants*. And then, with his head inebriated, his pockets lightened, and his heart certainly not benefited by the company he has been in, he comes home: the foundation for discord, at all events for coldness, is laid; for however his wife may have gentleness and good sense enough to avoid clamour and scolding, she certainly cannot feel much love or estimation for a man who seems to care so very little for what is good in itself, or what she likes or dislikes.

But I will not suppose you addicted to drinking. This habit has become such an ungentlemanly vice, that what morality had failed to do, fashion has nearly effected. In respectable life, a drunkard now-a-days is nearly a phenomenon; and happy it is for the female world that such is the case! for the woman who has the misery to be chained to a drunken husband, in the emphatical language of Scripture, *has no joy*.

The light that has been diffused in reference to the real nature and properties of beverages once thought indispensable, has had the effect of arousing public attention to social (so called) convivial customs. The habits of society have indeed improved—but a yet further improvement must take place before England can rank as a sober nation, and husbands promote domestic happiness.

Much to be condemned, is a married man, constantly rambling and wandering from his home for the purpose of passing away time. I really cannot understand what a husband, a father, and master of a house, can mean by the words “passing away time.” Surely if he wants employment, his family, wife, business, or his house and grounds will amply furnish him with it; and if he wishes for society, he will find in his social circle and books, the best society in the world. Such a man may be at a loss for *company*, but certainly not for *society*.

There are some men who will sit an entire day with their wives, and a word scarcely escape their lips. The social cup of tea comes on; and instead of enlivening the hour by kind and familiar chat, a pompous “Yes,” or “No,” is perhaps all that is uttered by the

taciturn head of the family. Is this a mode of treating the companion of your bosom? —a companion with whom you ought to be able fearlessly to “think aloud;” into whose faithful breast you might pour forth your thoughts, your plans, your intentions, your opinions of *every thing* and *every one*? And is this companion, (perhaps the only one in the world who would not betray you,) is she to be treated with sullen silence and cold reserve? *The heart of her husband may safely trust in her*, (Prov. xxxi. 11,) says the inspired writer; and yet this safe and faithful confidant is slighted, and her proud lord turns from her to bestow his frankness and loquacity on some one or other, who just hearkens to him, and then hies away, perhaps to betray him to the next listener. A man acting thus injures himself as much as his wife, by shutting out the sweetest cement of love — confidence. Well has a female poet said:—

“ I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e’er fond woman knew ;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

" I bless thee for kind looks and words,
Shower'd on my path like dew ;
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new !
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer ;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here."

I own I love to see man and wife enjoying the pleasure of a little social walk ; and when the tête-à-tête is sweetened by confidential and affectionate conversation, it is, as the wise man observes, *a sight beautiful before God and man*. But, in general, how reversed is the picture ! He saunters out with her, careless, cold, and uninterested ; scarcely, during the walk, uttering a word, or, when he does speak, so cold, so inanimate, are his brief remarks ! It is a sorrowful matter where the closest ties, instead of binding, gall and irritate—Oh ! man, as you value your own happiness, strive on all occasions to win confidence by reposing it—and let your wife find you invariably her most attentive and therefore agreeable companion.

Some men there are (would their number was less !) all cheerfulness, gaiety, and good-humour, while in the houses of their neighbours ; who, as they return home, and knock at their own hall-door, appear to turn round, and say to their harmonious attendants,

cheerfulness and good-humour, "My good friends, I am now about entering my *own* doors, where I shall probably remain, for a few days, totally destitute of all society but that of *my wife and family*. Of course, it will be quite unnecessary for me to trouble you again till Monday next, when I am to dine at my friend, Mr. B.'s, with a large party: I know I may be certain of your attendance on that day; till then, good-bye!—shake hands!—good-bye, my two worthy friends;—good-bye!" Then, entering the hall, he puts off his smiles with his coat, and, proceeding, he arrives in the parlour. "Oh dear, such a fire!—Just five o'clock, and no sign of dinner!—Well! what an irregular house!" His wife then pulls the bell, and up comes dinner.—"Why, I thought this beef was to have been roasted? You know I detest boiled beef!—Oh, really, those fowls are quite underdone!"—"Why, surely you might yourself have given some directions!" "Oh! ay, an excuse! Excuses never fail, when there is occasion for them!" Such is the language of this fine *manly* man; his ill-humour and loud-speaking rising in proportion to the silence and gentleness of his wife. Admirable character! again say I; a *mausoleum* should be erected to your memory!

CHAPTER VI.

ON ABSENCE.

FEW women are insensible to considerate and tender treatment; and I believe the number of those is small indeed who would not recompense it with the most grateful returns. Women are naturally affectionate and confiding; and, in general, there is nothing but austerity of look and distance of behaviour, that can prevent those amiable qualities from being evinced on every occasion. There are, probably, but few men who have not experienced, during the intervals of leisure and reflection, a conviction of this truth. In the hour of absence and of solitude, who has not felt his heart cleaving to the wife of his bosom? who has not been, at some seasons, deeply impressed with a sense of her amiable disposition and demeanour, of her unwearied endeavours to promote and perpetuate his happiness, and of its being his indispensable

duty to show, by the most unequivocal expressions of attachment and of tenderness, his full approbation of her assiduity and faithfulness? But lives not he that has often returned to his habitation fully determined to requite the kindness he has constantly experienced, yet, notwithstanding, has beheld the wife of his bosom joyful at his approach without even attempting to execute his purpose?—who has still withheld the rewards of esteem and affection; and, from some motive, the cause of which I never could develop, shrunk from the task of duty, and repressed those soft emotions which might have gladdened the breast of her that was ever anxious to please, always prompt to anticipate his desires, and eager to contribute every thing that affection could suggest or diligence perform, in order to promote and perpetuate his felicity?

Brief absences may be the means of increasing affection, if, when absent, your letters to your wife be warm and affectionate. A woman's heart is peculiarly formed for tenderness; and every expression of endearment from the man she loves is flattering and pleasing to her. With pride and pleasure does she dwell on each assurance of his

affection: and, surely, it is a cold, unmanly thing, to deprive her virtuous heart of such a cheap and easy mode of gratifying it. I remember hearing a lady say, "When my husband writes to me, if he can at all glean out any little piece of good news, or pleasing intelligence, he is sure to mention it." Another lady used to remark, "My husband does not intend to give me pain, or to say any thing unpleasant when he writes; and yet, I don't know how it is, but I never received a letter from him, that I did not, when I finished it, feel comfortless and dissatisfied." I also really think, that as—

" Gifts are the beads of memory's rosary,
On which she reckons friends and fond affections,"

a husband, whenever he goes from home, should alway endeavour, if possible, to bring back some little present to his wife. If ever so trifling or valueless, still the attention gratifies her; and to call forth a smile of good humour should be always a matter of importance.

Every one who knows any thing of the human mind, agrees in acknowledging the power of *trifles*, in imparting either pain or pleasure. One of our best writers, speaking

on this subject, introduces the following sweet lines:—

“ Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from those trifles springs,
Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from thence,
A *small* unkindness is a *great* offence.
To give rich gifts perhaps we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.”

CHAPTER VII.

ON EXPENDITURE.

IN pecuniary matters be particular, but not penurious. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all your worldly possessions. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," was a voluntary engagement; and if she be a woman of prudence, she will in all her expenses be reasonable and economical: what more can you desire? Delicacy and good taste should prompt the belief that a woman has innumerable trifling demands on her purse, many little wants, which it is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and which, if he even went to the trouble of investigating, he would hardly understand.

You regulate and prescribe the maximum of your expenditure by giving your wife a certain sum of money. If she be a woman of prudence,—if your table be comfortably kept, and your household managed with economy and regularity,—leave minute details

to her. I really cannot see the necessity of obliging her to account to you for the *exact* manner in which she has laid out each penny in the pound. An undue interference in this matter has had a very bad influence on social morals. It is painful to think that women who would scorn to act with meanness or duplicity in money matters with a friend or acquaintance, are by the suspicions and vexatious interference of their husbands often taught the low vice of deception; a vice which, once engendered, withers the very root of confidence and dries up the spring of domestic happiness. Be cautious, therefore, not to tempt the wife you have vowed to cherish. You trust her with your honour; is your money so much dearer to you that you dare not trust her with that?

I have often with grief and wonder remarked the indifference with which some men regard the amiable and superior qualities of their wives! I by no means intend to say, that every wife possesses those qualities: I only speak of a description of females who are, in truth, an ornament to their sex—women who would go the world over with the husband they love, and endure, without shrinking, every hardship that world could

inflict. Is his income stinted? With what cleverness will a wife of this description act, and economise, and endeavour to abridge her expenses; sitting down with such cheerfulness to her scanty meal, suffering privations that probably she never was accustomed to, concealing their poverty from the world, and endeavouring to gild it over with a genteel and respectable appearance; nursing and educating her children, and assuming perhaps in the same day the varied character of gentlewoman, preceptress, and housewife; and yet insensibility to her merit, oftentimes unkind language, is perhaps the return she receives from her unworthy husband.

How often is a woman grieved by the foolish extravagance of her husband. When once a man has entered the marriage state, he should look on his property as *belonging to his family*, and act and economise accordingly. I remember being acquainted with a gentleman who was constantly saying, "It is true, my property is large; but then it belongs not to myself alone, but also to my children: and I must act as a frugal agent for them. To my wife, as well as those children, I feel accountable either for economy or extravagance." Another gentleman of my

acquaintance, who was in stinted circumstances, was constantly debarring himself of a thousand little comforts, sooner than infringe on what he used to call *his children's birthright*.

The three following remarks, from the pen of the excellent Mrs. Taylor, are well worth attention.—“To what sufferings are those wives exposed, who are not allowed a sufficiency to defray the expenses of their establishment, and who never obtain even their scanty allowance, but at the price of peace! Men who act in this way often defeat their own intentions; and by constant opposition render their wives lavish and improvident, who would be quite the reverse were they treated in a more liberal manner. Wherever it is adopted, it is utterly destructive of conjugal confidence, and often compels women to shelter themselves under mean contrivances and low arts.”—“You complain that your wife uses manœuvres and efforts to get money from you: be generous to her, treat her as a wife ought to be treated, and I venture to affirm you shall have no further cause of complaint.”—“A man who supplies unavoidable and necessary expenses with a parsimonious hand, will rarely be attentive to the

extra calls of sickness, or endeavour to alleviate by his kindness the sufferings of a constitution perhaps wearing out in his service.—It was observed, upon the subject of cruelty to animals, that many, because they would not drown, burn, or scourge a poor animal to death, think themselves sufficiently humane, though they suffer them to famish with hunger: and does not the conduct of many husbands suggest a similar idea? They imagine, that if they provide carefully for the maintenance of their families; if their conduct is moral; if they neither beat, starve, nor imprison their families, they are all that is requisite to constitute good husbands; and they pass for such among the crowd: but as their domestic virtues are chiefly of the negative kind, the happiness of her whose lot it is to be united to such an one for life, must be of the same description. Even the large allowance, ‘Have what you like,’ is insufficient to satisfy the feelings of many a woman, who would be more gratified by the presentation of a flower, accompanied with expressions of tenderness, than by the most costly indulgence they could procure for themselves.”

CHAPTER VIII.

ON INCREASE OF FAMILY.

Is there a prospect of your wife becoming a mother? Then, indeed, has Providence placed her in the most interesting of all female situations; and strong is her claim on your tenderness. The circumstance is a silent, though powerful, appeal to your feelings; and he must truly have an unfeeling disposition who does not find himself irresistibly drawn by the new and tender tie which now exists. She has many drawbacks on her pleasures in the contemplated increase: fear and pain must be her portion. Then is the time for a husband to show all the devoted watchful tenderness of a noble nature, and thus bind his wife to him by bonds strong as death, and lasting as eternity.

It may, however, be the will of the Almighty to withhold offspring from you; and any thing said either by husband or wife that could give the other pain on this sub-

ject, is more than reprehensible ; it is odious and contemptible. A woman is scarcely ever so unamiable and indelicate as to do it : and should her husband be unfeeling enough to betray even a word which could hurt the feelings of his wife on the occasion, he may talk and sophisticate the matter as he pleases, but in truth he can have but little pretension to religion, to sentiment, or to feeling. How unlike the noble-minded Elkanah, when, with sentiments at once manly and tender, he thus addresses his weeping wife—“ Hannah, why weepest thou ? and why eatest thou not ? and why is thy heart grieved ? am not I better to thee than ten sons ?”—1 Sam. i. 8.

CHAPTER IX.

AND now my whisper is nearly ended: it has been perhaps more plain than pleasant; but ere we finally part, allow me to call your recollection to that most important period of your life, when at the altar of your God, and in the presence of your fellow-creatures, you solemnly vowed "to love your wife, to comfort her, to honour and keep her, in sickness and in health, for better for worse, in poverty and in riches, and forsaking all others, to keep thee only unto her, as long as you both should live!" Let me ask, have you kept this solemn vow? Commune with your own heart, ask your conscience and your feelings; and tremble before an offended God if you have dared to break it.

How impressive on all occasions are the words of St. Paul; and in what a sweet and tender point of view does he appear when he says, "Husbands, love your wives, and

be not bitter against them." (Col. iii. 19.) And again, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." (Eph. v. 25, 28, 29, 31.) "Wherefore," says our blessed Saviour, "they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." (Matt. xix. 6.)

In the second chapter of Genesis, this subject is mentioned with peculiar simplicity and beauty.—"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." (ver. 7.) "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and he took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." (ver. 8, and 15.) "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for

him. And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and brought them unto Adam ; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him. And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept : and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof ; and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man." And Adam (evidently struck with delight by the lovely being produced from his side—*the very side next his heart*) affectionately says, " This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh : she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man." And then, as if impressed with the importance and sacredness of the union, what an observation is the following ! " Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife : and they shall be one flesh." (ver. 18—24.)

I hope I shall not trespass on my reader's patience, if I introduce what Milton so beautifully says on this subject. He first speaks of Adam, as placed among all the exquisite beauties of Paradise :—

" Surrounded by fragrance and by joy,
By hill and dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,

With birds on branches warbling ;
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams,
And banks profuse with flowers !”

Still he is dissatisfied: an aching void, a want of what he could scarcely define or explain, weighs down his spirits, and deprives his heart of all enjoyment. At length, he begins to understand the nature of his feelings, and thus addresses the Almighty:—

“ Author of this universe,
And all this good to man ! for whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things !—
But with me, I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness ? Who can enjoy alone ?
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find ? ”

Though perfectly anticipating Adam's wishes, and quite conscious “it was not good for man to be alone,” still does the Almighty seem desirous to put his feelings to the test, and points out the innumerable beauties and pleasures which surround him in this “garden of bliss,” mentioning the various birds and fishes and beasts he has brought him for his use, and asks what more he can desire ? But Adam, still discontented, says he wants something like himself—

“ Something fit to participate all rational delight :
Surely the brute cannot be human consort ? ”

At length, the Almighty condescendingly
answers :—

“ Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased ;
Good reason was, thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still.—I, ere thou speak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone :
What next I bring shall please thee, be assured ;—
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire !”

Adam relates the above to the angel
Raphael, and thus goes on :—

“ He ended, or I heard no more, for now
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy ; by which,
Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw
Th' Almighty ; who stooping, open'd my left side, and
took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh. Wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd !
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands :
Under his forming hands, a creature grew,
So lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before !
She disappear'd, and left me dark !—I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure ;
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow

To make her amiable :
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love !
 I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud,
 ' This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts ! I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
 Before me !—Woman is her name, of Man
 Extracted : for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul !' "

An eminent female writer of the past century (Mrs. Thrale) has given in very lively terms her sentiments on the deportment of a husband, in a letter to a young gentleman on his marriage, of which we subjoin the following extract :—

“ My dear Sir, .

“ I received the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish your happiness may excuse the liberty I take in giving you a few rules, whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrongheaded kindness, and, reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are, but after one of the forty years which I

hope you will pass pleasingly together are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

“ When your present violence of passion subsides, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy: you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain; and it were graceless amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride’s insipidity, till you have recollected that no object however sublime, no sounds however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing, is said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth. You have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

“ Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession, and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your

lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow higher by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will by this means have many pursuits in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement: endeavour to cement the present union on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expenses, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have anything to find out in your character, and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other they have commenced a state of hostility.

“Seek not for happiness in singularity, and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not

any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence; and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cooking and learning are both good in their places, and may both be used with advantage.

“With regard to expense, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of luxuries is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meanest spectator; and for the greater ones, they can only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt or open indignation.

“This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection; but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, a peculiar attention to the higher distinction of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honourably aspire.

“I said that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you; but pray let her not suspect that it grows less so. There is no reproof, however pointed, no punish-

ment, however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain at least that general civility towards his own lady which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not show a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

“ It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as is sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gaiety and splendour, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the

evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford. That your own superiority should always be seen but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. And now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never tease her; tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her in short be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious. Be above delighting in her pain of all things; nor do your business nor pay your visits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so very little need

of, unless your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuse it. And now farewell; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you, by

“ Dear Sir, &c.”



A

WHISPER TO THE WIFE.



A WHISPER TO THE WIFE.

"Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won."

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

GENTLE friend, my whisper to your husband is ended. From *you* a moment's attention is now claimed by a *widowed wife*, whose bridal morning rose as bright as yours; whose youthful heart loved "with all a woman's love;" and who anxiously desires to secure for her interesting sisters, that first and most important of all a wife's possessions—the confidence and affection of her husband.

You are now become a wife ; and sacred and important are the duties you have to fulfil. Your husband has bestowed on you the highest distinction he could confer ; he has selected you from the world ; and the claim he has can *only* cease at death ! Be it your care never to let him feel this as a claim, but by your kindness and gentleness make him feel that the law of love is perfect liberty.

A bride, wherever she appears, is ever considered an object of importance and a subject for remark. "Have you seen the bride?" is the eager and general question : and what she does, what she says, what she wears, and how she looks, swells the insignificant chat of every gossip's visit. Let the notice which you thus excite make you particularly observant of your manner and conduct ; and give the busy whisperer no food for a new sarcasm in the next importation of tittle-tattle.

A bride is generally (indeed I think always) proud of the new character she has entered on ; and, unless she is a woman of sense, she is too fond of *exhibiting* the love she has inspired. Pursue a different course ; let your manner to your husband be kind

and good-humoured, frank and unaffected; but sacred to the hours of retirement be those expressions and that display of endearment, which, used in public, argue in loud terms a want of *true* delicacy, and are ever particularly disagreeable to the spectator. Bridal decorum is as charming as virgin modesty.

The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be, "How shall I continue the love I have inspired?—how shall I preserve the heart I have won?" Gentle lady, at the present moment your husband thinks you the loveliest, the gentlest of beings. Destroy not the illusion: be lovely still; be gentle still. The long and dreary road that lies through the wilderness of life is stretched before you; and by a chain, the links of which no human power can break, you are bound to a companion with whom, hand in hand, you must walk through this long, long road. For the sake then of peace, for the sake of happiness, for the sake of *self*, (that most powerful feeling,) brighten the way by endeavouring to make yourself amiable and pleasing to him.

The great Dr. Johnson, with his usual strength of expression, laments, in the fol-

lowing words, the contrasted manner which frequently occurs *before* and *after* marriage. —“One would think, the whole endeavour of both parties during the time of courtship is to hinder themselves from being known—to disguise their natural temper and real desires in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask; and the cheat is often managed on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that by a strange imposture, as in the case of Jacob, one has been courted and another married.”

“However discreet your choice has been, time and circumstances alone can sufficiently develop your husband’s character: by degrees the discovery will be made that you have married a mortal, and that the object of your affections is not entirely free from the infirmities of human nature. Then it is, that by an impartial survey of your own character, your disappointment may be moderated; and your love, so far from declining, may acquire additional tenderness, from the con-

sciousness that there is room for mutual forbearance."

How admirably has the poet Cowper enforced the necessity of mutual forbearance in the following lines:—

"Alas ! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be feared
As to be wantonly incurred
To gratify a fretful passion
On every trivial provocation ?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention ;
But lives when that exterior grace,
Which first inspired the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionately blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.
But angry, coarse and harsh expression
Shows love to be a mere profession ;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is."

CHAPTER II.

ON CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

AFTER marriage, a man generally takes his wife to his home, perhaps to the seat of his ancestors, where every object is endeared to him by local attachment and interesting remembrances. With pride and pleasure does he walk out with his fair bride, to exhibit to her the beauties of his domain and the scenes of his youth. "Look," says he, "at that noble view down the river; see that boat, how softly it glides, and that little temple on the hill, where on a fine evening I used to sit with my excellent mother, and say my tasks by her side: she was, in truth, my Emily, an *excellent* mother; several years have elapsed since I lost her, and yet I cannot think of her but with the strongest feelings of affection and regret." Endeavour, young wife, to enter into his feelings, and to admire, and to feel pleased with everything. In those bridal moments, your smiles and appro-

bation are delightful to him: and although alterations and improvements may occur to you, let him see it is for the sake of those improvements, not for the sake of finding fault, you point out the defect.

Study your husband's temper and character; and be it your pride and pleasure to conform to his wishes. Check *at once* the *first* advances to contradiction, even of the most *trivial* nature. I repeat the word *trivial*, for it is really inconceivable the power which the *veriest trifles* have, *at times*, over the mind, either in *irritating* or *pleasing*. And the woman, who after a few years are gone by can say, "My husband and I have never yet had a loud or angry debate," is in my opinion better entitled to a chaplet of laurels, than the hero who has fought on the plains of Waterloo.

"There is one simple direction, which, if carefully regarded, might long preserve the tranquillity of the married life, and ensure no inconsiderable portion of connubial happiness to the observers of it: it is, to *beware of the FIRST dispute.*"

An admired writer says, "Let it never be forgotten, that, during the whole of life, beauty must suffer no diminution from in-

elegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it has won. Whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with greater diligence be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum; and there is naturally a delicacy in every mind, which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid at all times that mode of conduct which it has often itself found offensive. That unwearied solicitude to please, which was once the effect of choice, is now become a duty, and should be considered as a pleasure.

“E’en in the happiest choice, where favouring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain’d, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won.”

When once you enter the matrimonial state, gentle lady, prepare for the various trials of temper which each day will produce. Your husband perhaps does, or says, something provoking; your servants do, or say, something provoking;—or some valuable article is injured by their negligence;—a handsome piece of china or glass is broken;

—a tiresome visitor comes in at a most *mal-à-propos* moment, and breaks in on some matter of consequence, &c. &c. But remember the great Solomon's words:—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." (Prov. xvi. 32.) By the expression *ruleth his spirit*, the inspired writer's views on the subject are evidently wide and extensive. He alludes to those infirmities of temper and disposition which so often corrode our peace, and make us unamiable and uncomfortable to ourselves and those around us. When the risings of discontent, peevishness, envy, anger, resentment, or any evil passion, disturb or threaten to take possession of our hearts, *then* is the man *that ruleth his spirit* superior in the eyes of the eastern monarch to the hero returning from the battle or the siege, crowned with laurels, and covered with glory! I cannot dismiss this subject without remarking the very sweet and engaging point of view in which a person appears to me when I see them pliantly yielding their own will to the will of another. A late writer makes the following excellent remark:—"Great actions are so often performed from little

motives of vanity, self-complacency, and the like, that I am apt to think more highly of the person whom I observe checking a reply to a petulant speech, or even submitting to the judgment of another *in stirring the fire*, than of one who gives away thousands!"

Let your husband be dearer and of more consequence to you than any other human being; and have no hesitation in confessing those feelings to him. Leave father and mother, and brother and sister, and cleave only to him. It is expressly the will of God; for of course the command applies to woman in the same degree as to man. What is any one to you in comparison of your husband? Whom have you a *legal* claim on, gentle lady?—Your husband only. Who has sworn by the laws of God and man to support and protect you?—Your husband only. Whose *home* have you a *lawful* right to?—whose purse have you a *lawful* claim on?—Your husband's only. In whose house do you feel the sweets of independence? and in whose house can you proudly look round you, and say, "I reign as *mistress* here?"—Your husband's, and your husband's only. Turn then, gentle friend, to your husband: let his interest, his comforts, his wishes, all be yours;

and without hesitation give up for his sake all the world besides. There is an old Irish saying, and, like the generality of Irish sayings, expressive and true, the translation of which is as follows: "He must be a very good-for-nothing, indifferent husband, whose bosom is not the best pillow a woman ever laid her head on."

Endeavour to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the ills and anxieties of life. Make it a repose from his cares, a shelter from the *world*, a *home* not for his person only, but for his *heart*. He may meet with *pleasure* in other houses, but let him find *happiness* in his *own*. Should he be dejected, sooth him; should he be silent and thoughtful, or even peevish, make allowances for the defects of human nature, and by your sweetness, gentleness, and good humour, urge him continually to *think*, though he may not *say* it, "This woman is indeed a comfort to me. I cannot but love her, and requite such gentleness and affection as they deserve."

I know not two female attractions so captivating to men as delicacy and modesty.

Let not the familiar intercourse which marriage produces banish such powerful charms. On the contrary, this very familiarity should be your strongest excitement in endeavouring to preserve them; and, believe me, the modesty so pleasing in the *bride*, may always in a great degree be supported by the *wife*.

If possible, let your husband suppose you think him a *good* husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the character, he will take some pains to deserve it; but when he has once lost the name, he will be very apt to abandon the reality altogether. I remember at one time being acquainted with a lady who was married to a very worthy man. Attentive to all her comforts and wishes, he was just what the world calls a very good husband; and yet his manner to his wife was cold and comfortless, and he was constantly giving her *heart*, though never her *reason*, cause to complain of him. But she was a woman of excellent sense, and never upbraided him. On the contrary, he had every cause for supposing she thought him the best husband in the world; and the consequence was, that in-

stead of the jarring and discord which would have been inevitably produced had she been in the habit of finding fault with him, their lives passed on in uninterrupted peace.

I know not any attraction which renders a woman at all times so agreeable to her husband, as cheerfulness or good humour. It possesses the powers ascribed to magic: it gives charms where charms are not; and imparts beauty to the plainest face. Men are naturally more abstracted and more difficult to amuse and please than women. Full of cares and business, what a relaxation to a man is the cheerful countenance and pleasant voice of the gentle mistress of his home! On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is an antidote to affection; and though a man may not seem to notice it, it is chilling and repulsive to his feelings, and he will be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

In the article of dress, study your husband's taste, and endeavour to wear what he thinks becomes you best. The opinion of others on this subject is of very little consequence, if *he* approves.

Make yourself as useful to him as you can, and let him see you employed as much as possible in *economical* avocations.

At dinner endeavour to have his favourite dish dressed and served up in the manner he likes best. In observing such trifles as these, believe me, gentle lady, you study your own comfort just as much as his.

Perhaps your husband may occasionally bring home an unexpected guest to dinner. This is not at all times convenient. But beware, young wife, beware of frowns. Your fare at dinner may be scanty, but make up for the deficiency by smiles and good humour. It is an old remark, "Cheerfulness in the *host* is always the surest and most agreeable mode of welcome to the guest."—Perhaps, too, unseasonable visitors may intrude, or some one not particularly welcome may come to spend a few days with you.—Trifling as these circumstances may be, they require a command of feeling and temper: but remember, as you journey on, inclination must be continually sacrificed; and recollect also, that the *true* spirit of hospitality lies, (as an old writer remarks,) not in giving great dinners and sumptuous entertainments, but in receiving with kindness and cheerfulness

those who *come* to you, and those who *want* your assistance.

Endeavour to feel pleased with your husband's bachelor friends. It always vexes and disappoints a man when his wife finds fault with his favourites—the favourites and companions of his youth, and probably those to whom he is bound not only by the ties of friendship, but by the cords of gratitude.

Encourage in your husband a desire for reading aloud at night. When the window-curtains are drawn, the candles lighted, and you are all seated after tea round the fire, how can his time be better employed? *You* have your work to occupy you: *he* has nothing to do but to sit and to think; and perhaps to think too that this family scene is extremely stupid. Give interest to the monotonous hour, by placing in his hand some entertaining but useful work. The pleasure which you derive from it will encourage him to proceed; while remarks on the pages will afford improving and animating topics for conversation.

Is he fond of music? When an appropriate moment occurs, sit down with cheerfulness to your piano or harp; recollect the airs that are wont to please him most, and

indulge him by playing those favourite tunes. Tell me, gentle lady, when was your time at this accomplishment so well devoted? While he was your *lover*, with what readiness, and in your very best manner, would you touch the chords; and on every occasion what pains did you take to captivate! And now that he is become your *husband*, (methinks at this moment I see a blush mantling in your cheek,) now that he is your husband, has pleasing him become a matter of indifference to you?

Particularly shun what the world calls in ridicule, "Curtain lectures." When you both enter your room at night, and shut to your door, endeavour to shut out at the same moment all discord and contention, and look on your chamber as a retreat from the vexations of the world, a shelter sacred to peace and affection.

I cannot say I much approve of man and wife at all times opening each other's letters. There is more, I think, of vulgar familiarity in this than of delicacy or confidence. Besides, a sealed letter is sacred; and all persons like to have the first reading of their own letters. And there is no reason why a close relationship should abrogate respectful *courtesy*.

Perhaps your husband may be fond of absenting himself from home, and giving to others that society which you have a right to expect: clubs, taverns, &c. &c. may be his favourite resort. In this case, it may perhaps be necessary to have recourse to mild reasoning;—but never—I again repeat—never to clamorous dispute. And the fonder he seems of quitting his home, the greater should be your effort to make yourself and your fireside agreeable to him. This may appear a difficult task; but I recommend nothing that I have not myself seen successfully practised.—I once knew a lady who particularly studied her husband's character and disposition; and I have seen her, when he appeared sullen, fretful, and inclined to go out, invite a friend, or perhaps a few friends, to spend the evening, prepare for him at dinner the dish she knew he liked best; and thus, by her kind, cheerful manner, make him forget the peevishness which had taken possession of him. Believe it from me, and let it take deep root, gentle lady, in your mind, that a good-humoured deportment, a comfortable fireside, and a smiling countenance, will do more towards keeping your husband at home than a week's logic on the subject.

Is he fond of fishing, fowling, &c.? When those amusements do not interfere with business or matters of consequence, what harm can result from them? Strive then to enter into his feelings with regard to the pleasure which they seem to afford him, and endeavour to feel interested in his harmless accounts and chat respecting them. Let *his* favourite dog be your favourite also; and do not with a surly look, as I have seen some wives put on, say in his hearing, "That Cato, or Rover, or Ranger, is the most troublesome dog and the greatest pest in the world."

If the day he goes out on these rural expeditions be cold or wet, do not omit having every comfort that can promote pleasure, or preserve health, ready for him on his return. Such little attentions never fail to please; and it is well worth your while to obtain good humour by such easy efforts.

Should he be obliged to go to some distant place or foreign land, at once and without indecision, if circumstances render it at all practicable, and it is his wish, let your determination be made in the beautiful and expressive language of Scripture: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from

following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." (Ruth i. 16, 17.) If his lot be comfortless, why not lessen those discomforts by your society? and if pleasure and gaiety await him, why leave him exposed to the temptations which pleasure and gaiety produce? A woman never appears in so respectable a light, never to so much advantage, as when under the protection of her husband.

Even occasional separations between man and wife I am no friend to, when they can be avoided. It is not to your advantage, believe me, to let him see how well he can do without you. You may probably say, "Absence is at times unavoidable." Granted: I only contend such intervals of absence should be short, and occur as seldom as possible.

Perhaps it may be your luckless lot to be united to an unkind husband—a man who cares not whether he pleases or displeases, whether you are happy or unhappy. If this

be the case, hard is your fate, gentle lady, very hard! But the die is cast; and you must carefully remember that no neglect of duty on *his* part can give a legitimate sanction to a failure of duty on *yours*. The sacredness of those ties which bind you as a wife remain equally strong and heavy whatever be the conduct of your husband; and galling as the chain may be, you must only endeavour for resignation to bear it, till the Almighty, by lightening it, pleases to crown your gentleness and efforts with success.

When at the Throne of Grace, (I address you as a religious woman,) be fervent and persevering in your prayers for your husband; and by your example endeavour to allure him to that heaven towards which you are yourself aspiring: that if your husband *obey not the word*, as the sacred writer says, *he may, without the word*, be won by the conversation (or conduct) of the wife.

Your husband perhaps may be addicted to gambling, horse-racing, drinking, &c. These are serious circumstances; and mild remonstrance must be occasionally used to oppose them: but do not let your argument rise to loud and clamorous disputing. Manage your opponent like a skilful general, constantly

watching the appropriate moment for retreat. To *convince* without *irritating*, is one of the most difficult as well as most desirable points of argument. Perhaps this may not be in your power: at all events, make the attempt; first praying to God for direction, and then leaving to Him the result.


Or, gentle reader, you may perhaps be united to a man of a most uncongenial mind, who, though a very good sort of husband, differs from you in every sentiment. What of this?—You must only make the best of it. Look around. Numbers have the same, and infinitely worse complaints to make; and, truly, when we consider what real misery there is in the world, it seems the height of folly fastidiously and foolishly to refine away our happiness, by allowing such worthless trifles to interfere with our comfort.

There are very few husbands so bad as to be destitute of good qualities, and probably very decided ones. Let the wife search out and accustom herself to dwell on those good qualities, and let her treat *her own* errors, not *her husband's*, with severity. I have seldom known a dispute between man and wife in which faults *on both sides* were not conspi-

cuous: and really it is no wonder; for we are so quick sighted to the imperfections of others, so blind and lenient to our own, that in case of discord and contention, we throw all the blame on the opposite party, and never think of accusing ourselves. In general, at least, this is the case.

I was lately acquainted with a lady, whose manner to her husband often attracted my admiration. Without appearing to do so, she would contrive to lead to those subjects in which he appeared to most advantage. Whenever he spoke, she seemed to listen as if what he was saying was worth attending to. And if at any time she differed from him in opinion, it was done so gently as scarcely to be perceived even by himself. She was quite as well informed (perhaps more so) and as sensible as himself, and yet she always appeared to think him superior in every point. On all occasions she would refer to him, asking his opinion, and appearing to receive information at the very moment perhaps she was herself imparting it. The consequence was, there never was a happier couple, and I am certain he thought her the most superior woman in the world.

I repeat, it is amazing how trifles—the



most insignificant trifles—even a word, even a look,—yes, truly, a look, a glance—completely possess the power, at times, of either pleasing or displeasing. Let this sink deep in your mind: remember, that to endeavour to keep your husband in constant good humour is one of the first duties of a wife.

Perhaps, on some occasion or other, in the frolic of the moment, with the gaiety of inconsiderate mirth, without in the least degree intending to annoy you, your husband may toy, and laugh, and flirt, while in company, with some pretty girl present. This sometimes makes a wife look foolish; and it would be as well, nay much better, if he did not do so. But let not a shade of ill humour cross your brow, nor even by a glance give him, or any one present, reason to think his behaviour annoys you. Join in the laugh and chat, and be not outdone in cheerfulness and good humour by any of the party. But remember, there must be no *acting* in this affair: the effort must extend to your *mind* as well as your *manner*; and a moment's reasoning on the subject will at once restore the banished sunshine. The incomparable Leighton says, "The human heart is like a reservoir of clear water, at the bottom of

which lies a portion of *mud*: stir the mud, and the water gets all sullied. In like manner, does some strong passion or peevish feeling rise in the heart, and stain and darken it as the mud does the water." But should there be a prospect of your husband often meeting with this lady in question, and his free manners being observed to his discredit, endeavour at once to break off the intimacy by bringing forward some pretext consistent with truth, (for to *truth* every thing must be sacrificed,) such as diverting his attention, if possible, varying his society, and calling up other pursuits and thoughts. Never, however, avow the *real* reason: it will only produce discord, and make your husband think you prone to jealousy—a suspicion and character a woman cannot too carefully guard against. And there is often in men an obstinacy which refuses to be conquered of all beings in the world *by a wife*.—A jealous wife (such is the erroneous opinion of the ill-judging world) is generally considered a proper subject for ridicule; and a woman ought assiduously to conceal from her husband, more than from any one else, any feeling of the kind. Besides, after all, gentle lady, your suspicions *may* be totally groundless; and

you may possibly be tormenting yourself with a whole train of imaginary evils. As you value your peace then, keep from you, if possible, all such vexatious apprehensions, and remember, a man can very ill bear the idea of being suspected of inconstancy even when *guilty*; but when *innocent*, it is intolerable to him.

But let me for a moment suppose a circumstance occurs in which your husband's *heart* is entangled, or that there appears a danger of his *affections* being drawn from you. This, in truth, is the bitterest wound a woman's heart ever received, and none but God can direct her aright. To him, therefore, (if she be under the influence of religion,) she will at once go, and at his footstool pour forth every thought of her heart. The comfort she implores she certainly will receive; the guidance she solicits will assuredly be granted. "The wife forsaken and grieved in spirit," is an object of peculiar care to Omnipotence; and her sighs and tears shall not be unnoticed. On this important subject, all I shall say is, Let circumstances, discretion, and good sense be your direction. But, as you value your peace, as you hope to win your husband back again, avoid an *angry*

debate. Gentle and wise remonstrance may most probably make him all you wish. Upbraid him, and make his home uncomfortable; and a hundred to one he is lost to you for ever.

If husband and wife keep within their proper department, if they confine themselves to the sphere allotted to each by Providence and nature, there need be no disputes about power and superiority, and there will be none. They have no opposite, no separate interests, and therefore there can be no just ground for opposition of conduct.

Let me intreat your particular attention, gentle lady, to the following advice.—Whenever any little discord or coldness takes place between you and your husband, remember that concession is *your* duty rather than *his*, and *never close your eyes in sleep* till you have endeavoured to obtain a reconciliation. Tell him the resolution you have formed; and then you may good-humouredly add, that perhaps he would not find you so very forgiving, but really you should dread breaking through your determination. Again let me intreat you to adopt this plan: it may appear trifling and immaterial, but you do not, you cannot without experience, know

the wide-spreading good it may produce, the wide-spreading ills it may prevent.

Many a matrimonial dispute occurs, not so much from an unwillingness to give up the contested point, as from a dread of being conquered. Beware of the slightest approach to contradiction, and be assured every little dispute between man and wife, even in itself of the most trivial nature, is dangerous. It forces good humour out of its channel, undermines affection, and insidiously, though perhaps insensibly, wears out and, at last, entirely destroys that cordiality which is the life and soul of matrimonial felicity.

Without intending it, I find I have prolonged my remarks on this subject to an unusual length. I will now therefore endeavour in a few words to sum up the whole matter. Do you wish, gentle lady, to make your husband *good, mild, tender, amiable*; in short, all that he should be? Let me *whisper* to you the secret: Endeavour by prayer and every effort to be instrumental in making him a *religious* man, and the work is accomplished.

And now let me for a moment indulge in the blessed supposition that you are both in the fold of Christ, and heirs together

of the grace of life. Then, in truth, happy was the day you were born, and happy the day which united you! And O! thrice blessed will be the hour when the everlasting gates shall be lifted up, and you shall both be "presented faultless before the throne of God's glory with exceeding joy!" (Jude 24.)

CHAPTER III.

ON PRUDENCE AND DECORUM.

THOUGH a woman *before* her marriage may be admired for her gaiety, her dancing, dress, painting, singing, &c., yet *after* it we expect her character to display something more *substantial*. To a man who must spend all his days in her company, these little superficial decorations would speedily become insipid and unimportant. Love can be preserved only by the qualities of the heart, and esteem secured by the domestic virtues.

A man does not want to be dazzled in his matrimonial connexion, or to possess a partner who seeks the admiration of coxcombs or beaux. He wants a person who will kindly divide and alleviate his cares, and prudently arrange his household. He seeks not a coquette, a fashionist, a flirt; but a judicious assistant, companion, and friend.

"On the day of her marriage," says an admired writer, "a woman's tour of gaiety

should end." In one of the Gentoo countries, during the wedding-day, a large fire is made, and the bride enters with a little basket in her hand, containing all her ornaments, rude and simple as they are—shells, beads, &c.—and flings them into it; intimating her intention of assuming for the future the dress as well as character of a matron—Oh! that our British matrons would take a hint from these wild and untutored Indians!

How indecorous, offensive, and sinful, is it to see a woman exercising authority over her husband, and saying, "I *will* have it so. It *shall* be done as *I* like." But I should hope the number of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner is so small as to render it unnecessary for me to enlarge on the subject.

Never join in any jest or laugh against your husband. He may be a plain and insignificant, even a ridiculous, man: be it so; why did you marry him? You should have known all those defects before marriage. It is now too late: and as a wife, *self* (not to say a word of duty) calls on you to hide his faults; and, whenever you possibly can, to bring him forward and make him of importance.

Assiduously conceal his faults, and speak

only of his merits. In the married life, confidants are by no means desirable. You may be listened to with sympathy and interest;—but will this redress your grievance? By no means. Therefore never complain of him. In the first place, you violate a sacred duty by exposing your husband's faults; and in the next, even a certain degree of female dignity should combine with better motives to prevent it.

I would also strongly recommend a concealment from others of any little discord or disunion which occurs between you. Repeated with additions and aggravations, it only gives food to the busy whisper of the malevolent, and, as the sagacious Richardson says, "is sure to be remembered long after the honest people have quite forgotten it themselves." Besides, on those occasions, rely on it, the world is much more inclined to be your husband's advocate than yours.

In my opinion, there can hardly be a more despicable object than a married woman receiving the particular attentions of any man but her husband. A *flirting girl* is indeed bad enough; but a *flirting married woman* should be an object of contempt wherever she appears.

Perhaps your husband may be a plain man, or an old man; and though possessing both sense, merit, and feeling, neither cultivated nor captivating. Let this circumstance make you peculiarly circumspect in your conduct. The eye of the world is on you; and though your husband may scorn to betray, even by a look, any expression of jealousy, believe me it gives him no pleasure to see you dancing and chatting away with every young man who approaches you; for, at the moment perhaps when his good sense and manly pride make him smile, and join in the laugh and chat around, his heart may be exceedingly vexed and fretted at what he is ashamed to acknowledge even to himself. To say the truth, I never met with any husband, handsome, ugly, young, or old, who was pleased at seeing his wife's conversation and attraction much engrossed by other men.

Be you ever so conscious of a superiority of judgment or of talent, never let it appear to your husband. "A wife rules best by seeming to obey." And a man cannot endure the idea of inferiority in intellectual endowments. The very idea of being reflected on makes him infinitely more obstinate, and more wedded to his own opinion, when perhaps a

little management and good sense would bring him at once into your plans and wishes.

I cannot express the great dissatisfaction I feel at hearing married women laugh at and ridicule ladies who are advanced in life, and still remain single—females who probably in every respect are decidedly superior to the lady who treats them with contempt, and who perhaps remain single merely because they possess more delicacy of mind, and are not so easily pleased in the choice of a husband. Various are the causes which may occur to keep a woman single: duty, prudence, and not unfrequently, constancy to a beloved object; while a swarm of misses, strangers to sentiment, to delicacy, and to good sense, merely from their eagerness to become wives, clasp the chain of Hymen, and inconsiderately link themselves in the same moment to matrimony and misery, in the form of some *petit maitre* or antiquated beau.

Some wives, in order to display their own superiority to their husbands, are very fond of lessening and undervaluing the merit of other wives: be above such a paltry artifice; it is both ungenerous and unprincipled.

Should you, gentle lady, be in the decline

of life, allow me to bring to your recollection the emphatical address of St. Paul to aged women, where he charges them to "teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed."—(Tit. ii. 4, 5.)

When the apostle speaks of *keeping at home*, he seems impressed with the calm, unobtrusive retirement of that domestic sphere which Providence and nature have usually assigned to women. Strongly, indeed, does he seem influenced by it when he says, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." (1 Tim. v. 6.) A woman may be *compelled* by duty, or business, to leave the domestic sphere; but to desert it wilfully for pleasure is indeed a moral death.

CHAPTER IV.

ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

I WOULD recommend every woman, if possible, on her marriage, to get some yearly allowance, though ever so trifling, settled on her. Believe me, the little unavoidable demands on her husband's purse, to which a wife is so frequently compelled to have recourse, are very apt to create bickering and discord; and that at the very moment perhaps when all is peace and harmony between them: and when once good humour is put out of its way, it is not such a very easy matter, rely on it, to bring it back again to its old course.

Conscientiously manage your husband's property, and shun every approach to extravagance. The domestic economy of a

family is (as an admired writer remarks) entirely a woman's province, and furnishes a variety of subjects both for good sense and good taste. The want of economy has involved thousands in misery; and in those houses where extravagance is predominant, little is beheld but disorder and confusion. Their families are, in general, as dissipated and thoughtless as themselves. Harmony and decorum, with their inseparable companions peace and happiness, are guests that find within such walls neither residence nor repose.

In regard to money matters, some wives seem to think that all is gain which they can get in any way from their husbands; without ever considering that the state of *his* purse is a matter of equal consequence to both.

Particularly avoid every thing like extravagance. I really think a great deal of money is frequently expended in buying things which, after a while, we find we could have very well done without. The pleasure of getting a great bargain often induces people to part with their money; while the old adage, "Take care of the

pence, the *pounds* will take care of themselves," is either not remembered at all, or, if it does occur to the mind, is allowed to have but little influence.

Be extremely regular as to bills, payments, &c. You cannot think how much trouble may be avoided by regular weekly payments. It is sometimes very difficult to ascertain the correctness of a bill when allowed to lie over even for a month, and the delay constantly subjects you to imposition.

Much, indeed, will attention to order and regularity contribute to the comfort of your husband. Men particularly love neatness, tidiness, and method: any thing soiled or out of place discomposes them; and a littered room will often make them peevish. —Meals should always be ready at a stated hour: a little decision and firmness will soon make your servants punctual. Rise *early*; give your orders *early*; breakfast *early*; be ready to sit down to your work-table *early*. Doing much before twelve o'clock gives you a command of the day, and gets you through it with ease. But, adieu to all this order and regularity, if you

are fond of lying in bed! "Eight hours sleep," say our physicians, "are quite enough:" and the woman who prefers her pillow to the numerous advantages which early rising produces, would not, I fear, have strength of mind to perform more important duties. An hour rescued from sleep does wonders, and your health is much benefited by it. "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." (Prov. vi. 9—11.)

"Do not defer till to-morrow what may as well be done to-day," says the old proverb. If you have a letter to write, why not do it to-day as well as to-morrow? If you have a visit to pay, why not do it to-day as well as to-morrow? &c. &c. "To-morrow, believe me," says a most useful writer of the present day, "comes *loaded* with duties of its own. And when it does arrive, we always feel pleased at not having it encumbered with the business of yesterday."

Few things please a man more than seeing

his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable in a female; and a wife should always endeavour to support with equal applause the character of the *lady* and the *housewife*.—"I can tell you, my good Madam," says a humorous character, "when your husband comes home hungry at five o'clock, he won't look very pleasant at being put off with music, sentiment, and poetry, instead of a comfortable dinner. Bless my stars! I have known some ladies, who could play a fine tol lol on the piano, talk with you all day long about poetry and history, and gabble Italian and French like a monkey; and yet, if the husband of one of them asked for a beefsteak for dinner, mercy me! she doesn't know whether it should be roasted or fried, or if he wished for a venison pasty, the accomplished lady is equally ignorant whether paste be made with butter or mutton suet! I can't abide such balderdash!"

A woman should endeavour to wield her needle, and to manage her scissars, with dexterity and cleverness. This is the pecu-

liar province of a female; great comfort and economy are to be derived from it; and a man is always pleased at seeing his wife thus employed. Solomon in describing an excellent woman, makes her particularly expert at her distaff and spindle. And all Homer's lovely matrons—

“Deck'd with the freshest tints of beauty's bloom,
Bend o'er the distaff, or direct the loom.”

“A woman's greatest praise does certainly consist in the order and management of her *family*; and when much of her time is spent in visiting and company, what but anarchy and confusion at home must be the consequence? If we could but see the *inside* of some fashionable houses, how much would surprise and reflection be excited! The mistress perhaps at the theatre or a card-party; servants drunken, extravagant, criminal; children receiving their very first impressions from the oaths and improper conversation of these servants! *Here*, meat perishing which might have fed the hungry; *there*, garments mouldering which might have clothed the naked: in one place, filth and nastiness concealed; in another, valu-

able furniture tossed about without decency and without care. No fortune can answer such immoderate expenses; no comfort can consist with so much disorder. A good woman "looketh well to the ways of her household, and all her family are clothed in scarlet." (Prov. xxxi.)

CHAPTER V.

ON DRESS.

LET me entreat, gentle lady, that your dress may be expressive of delicacy and purity of mind. *Behold a woman in the attire of a harlot!* exclaimed the wise man on beholding an indecorous dress. And surely when a woman appears in public with bare bosom, exposure of figure, perhaps with rouged cheeks, it cannot be acting too severely to adopt the same language, and cry out in disgust, ‘*Behold a woman in the attire of a harlot!*’ What! a *wife*, a *mother*, in such a dress! O, all ye feelings of virtue and propriety, rescue our British matrons from the degradation! Would they but reflect for a moment, “could women in general,” as Mrs. H. More says, “know what was their real interest, could they

guess with what a charm even the *appearance* of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously from mere self-love if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice; the coquette would adopt it as an allurements; the pure as her appropriate attraction; and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction."

There is not an hour in the day in which a man so much likes to see his wife dressed with neatness, as when she leaves her bedroom, and sits down to breakfast. At any other moment, *vanity* stimulates her efforts at the toilette, for she expects to see and to be seen; but at this retired and early hour, it is for the very sake of cleanliness, for the very sake of pleasing her husband, that she appears thus neat and nice. Some one says, "A woman should never appear untidily or badly dressed, when in the presence of her husband." While he was your lover, what a sad piece of business if he caught you dressed to disadvantage! "Oh dear, there he is, and my hair all in papers; and this frightful unbecoming cap! I had no idea he would have been here so early; let

me off to my toilette!" But now that he is your husband, "Dear me, what consequence? My object is gained; my efforts to win him, and all my little manœuvres to captivate, have been successful, and it is very hard if a woman is to pass her life in endeavouring to please *her husband!*" I remember greatly admiring a lady who lived among the mountains, and scarcely saw any one but her husband. She was rather a plain woman; and yet when she sat to breakfast each morning, and all the day long, her extreme neatness and attention to the niceness of her appearance, made her quite an agreeable object; and her husband loved her, and would look at her with more pleasure than at a pretty woman dressed soiled and untidily: for believe me, those things (though your husband appears not to notice them, nor perhaps is he himself conscious of the cause) strongly possess the power of pleasing or displeasing.

I have a great dislike to see a woman's dress exceed the expense which I know her husband can afford. Fine laces and silks and a scanty purse are ill-matched associates. When I hear a woman of small fortune say

her pelisse or lace cap cost a large sum, I at once think it a libel not only on her understanding but her principles.

I will now conclude this subject with the Apostle's sentiment, when speaking of Christian wives:—"Whose adorning," says he, "let it not be that OUTWARD adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." (1 Pet. iii. 1, 3, 4.)

These words "*a MEEK and QUIET spirit,*" make at this moment a most powerful impression on my mind, and have excited the following reflections, to which, gentle lady, I beg to direct your attention. It is not to be supposed the Apostle alluded to the meek and quiet spirit which is so often produced by *nature* or *constitution*, or perhaps by *insensibility*, and which *costs us nothing to attain*. Oh, no! the *meekness* and *quietness* he speaks of must be the effect, not of *constitution* but of *principle*; not of *nature*, but of *grace*. I know many women who would be gentle *Pagans* as well as gentle *Christians*: who

would be meek if there was no *Bible*, and amiable if they were ignorant of the being of a *God*! And though characters of this kind are interesting and valuable for the sake of society, they are certainly not the description of females who are *in the sight of God of great price*. The word *quiet* has an extensive meaning, and refers not so much to *temper as resignation*.

St. Peter evidently intends by this word to express a quiet acquiescence, a patient resignation, an uniform composure to the painful but inevitable evils inflicted on us by the hand of God. He refers to that calmness of spirit which *is not easily provoked, which beareth ALL things, and endureth all things*, which subdues the rising of anger and resentment, and calls down divine help to soothe the heart which nature would fain agitate and discompose. He means that *meek and quiet spirit* which bears with the perverse and unreasonable tempers of those with whom it may have to deal, and which checks at once every inclination to a fretful or an angry reply; which quells the first advances to repining, produces *content in whatsoever state God has placed its possessor*, and enables the person who is under its

animating influence to bear all the small inferior crosses of the day with that fortitude and equanimity which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of true Christianity, and such only can be the *meek* and *quiet* spirit which the Apostle would consider as meriting his high encomium.

CHAPTER VI.

ON FAMILY DUTIES.

AT your entrance into the marriage state, gentle lady, you commenced a character which involves new duties and new responsibilities. Your husband, as the master and mainspring of his family, ought certainly to lead the devotions of it. But should he be so unwise, so unfortunate, so lost to his own happiness, as to treat lightly *the things which belong to his everlasting peace*, the task, gentle lady, devolves on you. Influenced then by that awful verse in Jeremiah, where the prophet invokes the Almighty to pour out his fury upon the families that call not on his name, (Jer. x. 25,) let the Bible be every morning laid on the table after breakfast,* and let a chapter be

* When a family disperses after breakfast to their different avocations, it is generally difficult to collect them again. Therefore, to obviate this, let the Bible be brought before the breakfast things are removed, or, at least, before the party stand up from the table.

read with attention; and then by a short but fervent prayer call down blessings on your head. And by no means exclude your servants from the hallowed privilege. Independent of duty, you wish for honesty and fidelity from them; and how can you reasonably expect these, while you neglect to lead them to the source which produces such good conduct?

When once a woman is married, when once she has enlisted among the matrons of the land, let not her fancy dream of perpetual admiration; let her not be sketching out endless mazes of pleasure. The mistress of a family has ceased to be a *girl*. She can no longer be frivolous or childish with impunity. The *angel* of courtship has sunk into a *woman*; and that woman will be valued principally as her fondness lies in retirement, and her pleasures in the nursery of her children. And woe to the mother who is obliged to abandon her children during the greater part of the day to hirelings—no, not obliged; for there is no duty so imperious, no social convenience, or fashionable custom, so commanding as to oblige her to such shameful neglect: for *maternal care, let her remember, supersedes all other duties.*

In the matrimonial character which you have now assumed, gentle lady, no longer let your fancy wander to scenes of pleasure or dissipation. Let *home* be now your *empire*, your *world*! Let *home* be now the sole scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let *home* be now the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to act and shine with splendour. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. And beyond the spreading oaks that shadow and shelter your dwelling, gentle lady, let not your fancy wander. Leave to your husband to distinguish himself by his valour or his talents. Do you seek for fame at *home*; and let the applause of your God, of your husband, of your children, and your servants, weave for your brow a never-fading chaplet.

An ingenious writer says, "If a painter wished to draw the very finest object in the world, it would be the picture of a wife, with eyes expressing the serenity of her mind, and a countenance beaming with benevolence; one hand lulling to rest on her bosom a lovely infant, the other employed

in presenting a moral page to a second sweet baby, who stands at her knee, listening to the words of truth and wisdom from its incomparable mother."

I am a peculiar friend to cheerfulness. Not that kind of cheerfulness which the wise man calls *the mirth of fools*,—always laughing and talking, exhausting itself in jests and puns, and then sinking into silence and gloom when the object that inspired it has disappeared. No—no! The cheerfulness I would recommend must belong to the heart, and be connected with the temper, and even with the principles. Addison says,—“I cannot but look on a cheerful state of mind as a constant, habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations: it is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approval of the divine will in his conduct towards us.” I think there is something very lovely in seeing a woman overcoming those little domestic disquiets which every mistress of a family has to contend with; sitting down to her breakfast-table in the morning with a cheerful, smiling countenance, and endea-

vouring to promote innocent and pleasant conversation among her little circle. But vain will be her amiable efforts at cheerfulness, if she be not assisted by her husband and the other members around; and truly it is an unpleasant sight to see a family when collected together, instead of enlivening the quiet scene with a little good-humoured chat, sitting like so many statues, as if each was unworthy of the attention of the other. And then, when a stranger comes in, Oh dear, such smiles, and animation, and loquacity! "Let my lot be to please at home," says the poet; and truly I cannot help feeling a contemptible opinion of those persons, young or old, male or female, who lavish their good-humour and pleasantry in company, and hoard up sullenness and silence for the sincere and loving group that surround their fireside. They do not behold home with the same eyes as did the writer of the following lines:—

" ' Home's the resort of love, of joy, of peace ;'
So says the bard, and so say truth and grace :
Home is the scene where truth and candour move,
The only scene of *true* and genuine *love*.
' To balls and routs for fame let others roam,
Be mine the happier lot to please at home.'
Clear then the stage : no scenery we require
Save the snug circle round the parlour fire ;

And enter, martial'd in procession fair,
Each happier influence that governs there !
First, Love, by friendship mellow'd into bliss,
Lights the warm glow, and sanctifies the kiss ;
When fondly welcomed to the accustom'd seat,
In sweet complacence wife and husband meet,
Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
Repose from labours to unite in care !
Ambition ! does Ambition there reside ?
Yes : when the boy, in manly mood astride,
With ruby lip and eyes of sweetest blue,
And flaxen locks, and cheeks of rosy hue,
(Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,)
Canthers ;—the jockey of his father's cane ;
While Emulation in the daughter's heart
Bears a more mild, though not less powerful part ;
With zeal to shine her little bosom warms,
And in the romp the future housewife forms :
Think how Joy animates, intense though meek,
The fading roses on their grandame's cheek,
When, proud the frolic children to survey,
She feels and owns an interest in their play ;
Tells at each call the story ten times told,
And forwards every wish their whims unfold."

"To be agreeable, and even entertaining in our family circle," says a celebrated writer, "is not only a positive duty but an absolute morality."

I cannot help quoting the following passage from Mrs. H. More, as an admirable illustration of true sweetness of temper, patience, and self-denial—qualities so essential in a wife and mistress of a family.—
"Remember, that life is not entirely made

up of great evils, or heavy trials, but that the perpetual recurrence of petty evils, and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of Christian graces. To bear with the feelings of those about us, with their infirmities, their bad judgments, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect where we feel we have deserved attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people, whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has perhaps provided on purpose for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercise; and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexations in business, with disappointments in our expectations, with interruptions in our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance, in short, with whatever opposes our will and contradicts our humour—this habitual acquiescence appears to be the very essence of self-denial. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might well, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.” Another remark of the same author is also excellent: “To sustain a fit of sickness may




exhibit as true heroism as to lead an army. To bear a deep affliction well, calls for as high exertion of soul as to storm a town ; and to meet death with Christian resolution, is an act of courage in which many a woman has triumphed, and many a philosopher, and even some generals, have failed."

CHAPTER VII.

OF CONDUCT TOWARDS RELATIONS ACQUIRED
BY MARRIAGE.

You have now, gentle lady, got among a new set of relatives—your relations-in-law; and a fresh field of duty is opened to you. There is an old observation, that a mother and her daughters-in-law are natural enemies; and, in truth, I must say there is too much reason for the remark. But in this disunion, there are generally, indeed almost always, faults on both sides. And why is this?—why need any fault proceed from *you*? Why not imitate a character so beautifully drawn from Scripture—the warm-hearted and interesting Ruth? She loved her departed husband, and because she loved *him* his mother was dear to her. Friends, country, kindred—all were given up for the mother of him she loved. What a sweet picture of tenderness and sensibility! I

confess I never read the story, without feeling strongly impressed and interested by it; and, in imagination, I see the beautiful Moabitess saying to her mother-in-law, "Nought but death shall part thee and me." If you love your husband, gentle lady, surely you must love the authors of his being, surely you must love the sisters of his youth!

And beside all this, listen for a moment to nature and reason. Your relations-in-law have lost their son and their brother; in truth, gentle lady, they *have* lost him; for when once a man is married, though he may repel the charge with warmth, and even with sincerity, adieu to the home and the scenes of his youth! adieu to the father who gave him life!—to the mother who nursed him in her bosom!—to the sisters who loved him in the fondest corner of their hearts! New objects, new connexions, new pursuits, have rivalled and "rent those ancient loves asunder;" and his wife, and very frequently her relatives, now step in, and draw away his love and his attention from all that had hitherto engrossed him. Is it any wonder, then, that relations-in-law should look with a degree of jealousy on the woman who has

thus alienated those affections and attentions which for so many years they were in the exclusive possession of?—A wife perhaps will cry out, and say, “Am *I* to blame for all this?—am *I* in any degree in fault? Pity, indeed, my husband did not keep himself single to dangle after his mother and sisters! Pray, is not a man to leave father and mother, and cleave to his *wife*?” Hush, gentle lady, hush! Bear with me for a moment. I mean not to contradict you; I mean not to blame you; nay, I do not even mean to say your husband should have done any thing but exactly what he did do; viz. *marry you*. All I ask, is, an effort to make yourself an exception to the coldness, the satire, the ill-nature, which too generally characterises a daughter-in-law or sister-in-law. All I ask is, (and I am sure a compliance is not difficult,) that you will, by kindness and affection, give your husband’s family reason to rejoice in the day that he first introduced you among them.

And pray, gentle lady, let your manner to your sisters-in-law be particularly kind and considerate. You are made a happy wife at their expense, at their loss—the loss of a beloved brother. Enter into their feel-

ings, endeavour to gain their confidence; your matronly experience qualifies you to be their adviser as well as friend. Do all you can to make them appear to advantage, and to forward their advancement through life. As a married woman, *much* lies in your power. Should there be a favourite swain, approved of by father, mother, and prudence on all sides, remember your own feelings on a similar occasion, and take every opportunity to promote the union. Married women are sometimes extremely apt to forget girlish pursuits, hopes, and wishes, and to speak satirically of the very manner which perhaps before marriage they had themselves been remarkable for. Avoid such inconsistency, and give your sisters-in-law reason to say, "No: we have not lost our brother by his marriage—far from it; we have gained a sweet sister and friend!"


CHAPTER VIII.

PERSONAL AND RELATIVE CONFIDENCE.

WHILE the most unreserved and perfect personal confidence should characterise the intercourse of married people, in all that relates to themselves, and each should strenuously endeavour to act upon the advice—

“ Let no one have thy confidence, O wife, saving thine husband,
Have not a friend more intimate, O husband, than thy wife ;”

yet there are some relative duties binding on men in their intercourse with society, that render it honourable for a man to preserve inviolable secrecy, and demand from a wife a generous and respectful acquiescence in his silence. Woman also, when called out from domestic life to professional responsibilities, incurs a similar obligation ; though this is so much more rarely her destiny that rules for the regulation of her conduct therein are not requisite.



It must be obvious on reflection to every right-thinking woman, that the secrets entrusted to the pastor, the physician, the lawyer, the legislator, are given in the confidence that they will be inviolable. To betray those secrets, even to a wife, would be disgraceful; and no woman of principle would for a moment require an evidence of confidence that compromised her husband's honour. His stainless integrity, his incorruptible truthfulness in all the requirements of public life and professional duty, should be precious to her; and his very silence on the matters confided to his private ear should be deemed an evidence of his rectitude, that she should cherish with respectful uninquiring acquiescence.

A restless desire for information on such matters of secrecy, so far from arising from any anxiety to share a full confidence, are the manifestation of a want of confidence. There must be some restless curiosity—some prying anxiety to meddle in matters totally distinct from domestic or personal affairs, some morbid fancy that vanity or ill-temper has engendered, that must stimulate a wife who wishes to peer into the official responsibilities or professional secrets of her husband:—a dis-

position that must be carefully guarded against, or it will prove destructive of her own peace, and her husband's reputation.

A case beautifully illustrating this difficult point in matrimonial relations, occurs in the memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, the wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, who was a faithful loyalist during the troubles of the civil wars, and after the Restoration ambassador to the courts of Spain and Portugal.

Soon after Lady Fanshawe's marriage, she was instigated by some crafty ladies of the court to obtain from her husband a knowledge of some secret political events; but the whole description of the matter is so beautiful that we give her own words:—

“And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess, for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doted on me; upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman—in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge

of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the Queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the Queen commanded the King in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth, what news?—began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing, would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him: he turned hastily and said, ‘What wouldst thou have, my life?’ I told him, ‘I heard the Prince had received a packet from the Queen, and I guessed it was that in his hands, and I desired to know what was in it.’ He smilingly replied, ‘My love,

I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet I revived my suit; he kissed me and talked of other things. At supper, I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me, if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he was called to rise, but began to discourse with me first; to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtain softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust

I am in may not be revealed ; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the Prince's affairs ; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me, in order to his estate and family." *

* *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*, p. 67.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

“NEXT to your children,” says an admired writer, “your servants are your nearest dependents: and to promote their good, spiritually as well as temporally, is your indispensable duty. Let them always join your family devotions, and endeavour to make them spend their Sabbath properly.”

I have heard an old domestic remark, the worst mistresses a servant ever lived with are young married women. “They are unreasonable,” said she, “in their commands: they expect too much; nor do they know rightly when to commend or when to blame.”

In your manner to your servants, be firm without being severe, and kind without being familiar. Never be in the habit of conversing with them, unless on business, or on

some point connected with their improvement. But, with this reserve and distance of manner, be particularly careful to maintain kindness, gentleness, and respect for their feelings. Their patience is often unnecessarily exercised, and their temper wantonly irritated.

"I have been sometimes shocked," says Mrs. Chapone, "with the want of politeness by which masters and mistresses provoke impertinence from their servants. I remember seeing a lady, who filled every station of life with honour both to her head and heart, attending the dying bed of an old domestic who had lived for thirty years in her service.

"How do you find yourself to-day, Mary?" said her mistress taking hold of the withered hand which was held out.

"Is that you, my darling mistress?" and a beam of joy overspread the old woman's face. "O yes!" she added, looking up, "it is you, my kind, my *mannerly* mistress!"

The poor old creature said no more; but in my mind she had, by this last simple word, expressed volumes of panegyric on her amiable mistress.

Let your commands to your servants be consistent and reasonable; and then firmly, but mildly, insist on obedience to them. I really think that common complaint—"My servants never remember what I tell them to do," might in a great degree be obviated. Let them see that you are particular, and that you will not pass over any neglect of orders; and when they find that this decisive manner is accompanied by mildness, kindness, and consideration, and that you are not to be disobliged with impunity, they will soon take care to remember what you command them to do. A little effort very easily remedies a bad memory.

"Never keep a servant, however excellent they may be in their station, whom you know to be guilty of immorality."

When servants are sick, be particularly kind and considerate to them. The poor *dependent* creatures have nowhere else to go, no one else to turn to: and their pale looks should be always a claim on your sympathy.

It is very disheartening to poor servants, to be continually found fault with. Praise and reward them when you can: human nature will not bear constant chiding.

The great secret in governing the temper

of servants is to govern your own. Do not let the fact of its being "only a servant" whom you are addressing make you negligent of kindness and courtesy.

"Honour all men" is a divine command; and the really benignant nature will sympathise in the feeling that impelled a gifted writer to exclaim on seeing the humble deportment of a servant; "The look which says, 'Behold—behold I am thy servant,' disarms me at once of the power of a master."

CHAPTER X.

ON THE MANAGEMENT AND EDUCATION OF
CHILDREN.

A LOVELY infant now crowns your mutual wishes. What a bond of union! What an incentive to tenderness! Lives there a man who can look at the mother of this pretty babe, and not feel his heart irresistibly drawn towards her? While the simple reflection, "This is the father of my child!" should make the husband to his wife the dearest object in the world.—

"Thus, for the parent's sake, the child is dear,
And dearer is the parent for the child."

A little child is an uncommonly interesting object!—An immortal soul confined in such a fairy form; a little being for whom the blood of Jesus was shed; an epitome of God's greatest, noblest work; "a miniature pledge," as our great poet Goldsmith says,

“who may be one day the guardian of the liberties of Europe, the bulwark and honour of its aged parents.” And when a mother sees the divine faculty of reason sparkling in its little eyes, and issuing in lisping accents from its ruby lips, how fervently ought she to implore that Christ would be the Shepherd of her little lamb, that He would carry it in his bosom, that He would in this life shelter it in his fold, and after death place it among the cherubim which surround his throne!

The first duty which nature points out to a mother is, to be herself the nurse of her infant. Let no motive, O mother, except want of health, induce you to surrender this endearing office to a stranger. The custom of sending a baby to a distant hut* to be nursed, is now so much exploded, that it is almost unnecessary to dwell on the subject. What! to send the pretty babe from your home and your bosom, from all the love and watchfulness its helplessness so strongly calls for; to send it to be nursed and cradled among strangers; to allow the first dawns of its reason to beam in the

* The custom of fosterage was always more common in the Author's country (Ireland) than in ours.—ED.

atmosphere of vulgarity, meanness, and even vice!—Forbid it, mothers of Britain! Should circumstances render it inconvenient to bring a wet-nurse into the house, sooner a thousand times would I rear the pretty babe, in nursery phrase, with spoon-meat, than treat it with such unkindness and injustice. And now, after the lapse of a year or two, the poor baby, ill-reared, and alienated from its family, is brought home. His little heart pines and saddens; and he cares not for any body, nor for any thing in the fine house he has got into. His nurse, and fosterfather, and Billy, and Peggy, and the cat, and little Beauty the dog, are all the world to him. And the hawthorn tree which grows at the cottage door, and the clear stream which runs in the adjoining field, have more charms in his eyes than his father's fine spreading chesnuts and cultivated grounds. He is a pet with no one, and no one is a pet with him. His more fortunate brothers and sisters are all preferred before him, and, untutored and neglected, no pretty ways endear him to his family, no pretty words issue from his little untaught lips. But I will suppose better things of *you*, Christian mother, and drop the subject for the present.

Do not, if it can be avoided, wean your child till it is twelve months old;* and when compelled to inflict on it this its first misfortune, do it with mercy—not *suddenly* nor *decidedly*, but slowly and by degrees; giving it for the first week suck only twice or thrice a day; then only once; and then dropping it entirely in the day, but continuing it at night for some little time. And thus will the pretty babe be spared an anguish which even the Almighty seems to wish to awaken the mind to, when in his Holy Book we find those words:—"My soul is brought low even as a weaned child."† I really do not well understand why people remark it is best to wean a child at eight or nine months old, when experience so often contradicts them. Look at the children of the peasantry. Mark the health which sparkles in their eyes, and the strength which gives activity to their little limbs; and yet those children are seldom

* Great difference of opinion exists on this subject: consult either Dr. A. Coombe on *Infancy*, or Underwood on the *Diseases of Children*.—ED.

† The greatest cruelty practised in weaning an infant is, that of separating the nurse and child so completely as to render it impossible, though convulsive screaming may threaten the baby's life, to remedy the grievance by the soothing draught which the pretty sufferer is shrieking for.

weaned even so early as twelve months old. "I never knew child or mother injured," said a clever and humane physician, "by a late weaning."

I have often thought man could learn from an infant a sweet lesson of love and gratitude. In the act of weaning, has any one observed its countenance in all the eagerness of hope and anxiety seeking round for the beloved face of her from whom it has derived its support? Mark the expression of each little feature; mark the apathy with which it turns from every other face; and when it has discovered the object dearest to its little soul, the flushed cheek, the delighted eye, the shout of joy, the eager spring to reach her arms—all indicate the ecstasy and triumph of the interesting creature; and one longs to lavish kisses and caresses on him. And is it love for the very object *herself* which causes these emotions? Yes, truly: for though another nurse appears who could just as well supply him with the beverage he is languishing for, he regards her with aversion, and turns away with screaming indignation.

The following rules, written by the directors of the Universal Dispensary for Chil-

dren, and recommended by the late Queen Charlotte's physician, will not, I trust, be considered irrelevant, and perhaps may be acceptable to the young mother.

“ Proper nursing tends to preserve the human species. The mother's breast is the infant's birthright. Feed an infant in an upright posture: it gives uniform distension to the stomach. Expose it early to the air: it keeps it from cold. Place it, while asleep, on its *right* side: it obviates indigestion. Attend to its cries: it never cries when well and at ease. Encourage it to stretch out its limbs, and to creep about: it promotes strength and activity. Rub it morning and night all over with the hand: it promotes circulation. Never awaken an infant out of sleep by rough means: it may produce fits. Avoid the use of tight bandages, particularly round the body. Avoid quack medicines and old women's nostrums. In case of illness at once call in medical aid. Avoid feeding infants in the night: it produces griping. And beware *at any time of over-feeding*. Avoid warm nurseries and close air: admit a current of air through the room every day that will allow it. Avoid carrying children on the same arm: it makes

them crooked. Never provoke violent laughing, nor disregard violent crying: it weakens their little frame. If the child be weakly, give it a small cup of chicken-broth or beef-tea daily. And put on a flannel shirt in the day, but not at night: it promotes perspiration. After the first year, animal food may be given twice a-week. If a child lately weaned should pine away, or contract any disease, by all means give it the breast again. Encourage it to walk and creep about as soon as it shows any wish to do so. Time enough at six or seven months old to put on shoes: and to make it hardy, let its petticoats be very short, and its arms and bosom be exposed to the air. Let it sleep in the middle of the day till it is three years old; put it to bed at seven o'clock, and let it rise early. Plunge it every morning into cold water, beginning in warm weather, and continue it every season after. If the child should be delicate, let the chill of the water be slightly taken off by adding a little warm water to it, until the child gets hardy. Be particular in the choice of the servant who attends your baby; and, if possible, let some one of the family accompany her when she takes it to walk. To rest her arms, she will

often most injuriously place it on the damp ground, or go into a house infected perhaps with hooping-cough, small-pox, or some infantine disease: and then, instead of the benefit of air and exercise, the poor baby is kept sitting in her lap while she perhaps gabbles away anecdotes of the family she lives with. In a fit, loosen the child's clothes, raise the head, place it near an open window, sprinkle the face with cold water, rub it all over with your warm hand, tickle the nostrils and inside of the ear with a feather. Let it be moved as little as possible; put it in a warm bath, or keep a succession of warm flannel round it. To an infant give five drops of hartshorn in a little water; to a child of two years old you may give ten; but give it with caution, to prevent it going against its breath."

The great Dr. Buchan says, "The first thing to be given to a child after it is born is the breast; and, on no account, syrups, castor oil, or medicine. A woman's milk is nature's provision for the infant; no art can afford a substitute: deprived of it the infant generally perishes. In the period of infancy," he adds, "the foundation of a good or a bad constitution is generally laid: and a mother

who relinquishes her child to the care of hirelings hardly deserves the name of mother. A child, by being brought up under its mother's eye, not only secures her affection, but may reap all the advantages of a parent's care, even though it be suckled by another. How can she be better employed than in superintending her nursery? It is her province not only to form the body, but also to give the mind a right bias. Be assured, a mother very often has it in her power to make him either healthy or feeble, either useful in life or the pest of society. Search nature throughout, and we cannot find a parallel to a mother resigning to a proxy the nursing of her child! Every other animal is the nurse of its own offspring. However, should the state of her health oblige her to employ another in this office, let it be done under her own eye. If there be a plentiful supply, the child will require no other food for three or four months; but after this time, give it once or twice a day milk-and-water pap, light broth with bread in it, with such like; and keep a crust of bread constantly in its hand: it promotes the cutting of teeth, and affords excellent nourishment where allowed. Let it be fed four

or five times a day, but not oftener; and on no account sweeten the food: it weakens the stomach, and makes the child eat more than is right. No butter, nor spoonfuls of wine or any alcoholic stimulant, but every thing light and simple. Keep them as much as possible in the open air, danced, and animated, and talked to, not kept mopingly nor stupidly in the nurse's arms. Put them early to the use of their limbs, leading them about by the hand. When they cry, endeavour to discover, that you may remedy the cause. When they get ill, apply at once to medical skill. Let the nursery be the largest and best aired room in the house. No cradles nor rocking, and let the child sleep quite cool. Plunge them every morning into cold water, not giving more than one immersion; and dry them quickly."

"What a lovely object," says the same writer, "is a little baby just emerged from the cold water! After he has been dressed, his head resting on his mother's bosom, closing his pretty eyes to sleep with all the sweet calm of a cherub; his frame braced and vigorous; his little hands spread open with health; and his countenance blooming, placid, and lovely!"

The cries of infants are constantly excited by causes concealed from our observation. They are handled too roughly; or something is rubbing against their tender skin; or they are snatched up suddenly and their arms hurt; or a pin perhaps in the clothes of the servant who carries them may have scratched them. Their little feet or hands may pain them with cold; they may be hungry or sleepy; perhaps sick or in pain; and, at all events, their cry should be always attended to.

The temper of a baby should be kept as placid and serene as possible: every thing that frets and tantalizes him should be carefully avoided. Indeed, his cries might be constantly prevented by not letting him see things improper for him to have. But if chance throws them in his way, *on no account* comply *merely* because he has cried for them. Even at this early age discipline must commence: his will *must* be directed; and when he is old enough to walk and talk, the trouble both to himself and his mamma will be considerably lessened. Give me leave to ask a mother, would she not correct her child for passion or self-will at a more advanced age? Then why permit it in an infant? Why not

nip it at once in the bud, before time and habit have strengthened it?

If you indulge a child with what he cries for, of course the next time he wants to gain his will he naturally employs the clamour and screaming which he has hitherto found so successful.

In a fit of passion, a baby flings himself back in the nurse's arms, screams, kicks, and lifts up his little hand to strike her. Every one—the mother as well as all present perhaps—laughs. A prophetic spirit would probably whisper her rather to mourn, could she see the future effects which time would give to this passion in the enraged Lilliputian.

“O dear, what harm could his baby hand do?” Not the least; but he exerted it to the utmost; and if the power of infant Hercules had been his, his nurse would have suffered in proportion. If something improper for him to have has been taken from him; or he wants to go out; or some matter or other occurs which crosses his will: instantly endeavour to change the tone of his little mind; run with him to a window, point out to him the trees, the birds, the shrubs—any object which the landscape presents; show

him some pretty trinket or toy. But as you value his future temper and happiness, indulge him not in the object which had excited his passion. Be assured, that every time an evil temper is indulged, from the moment when, at five or six months old, it begins to dawn in the infant breast, additional strength is added to it. And the mother who suffers her baby to scream and to fling his food in passion about the floor, without showing by her looks and tone of voice evident marks of displeasure, may *call herself* an affectionate mother; but I call her a weak, silly woman, wholly unacquainted with human nature.

Something or other should as constantly as possible be kept in a baby's hand; such as a stick of sealing-wax, coral and bells, a piece of wax candle, &c. &c. It gives the little mind something on which to exercise itself, and rescues it from stupid inanity: and the eagerness with which the baby seizes and plays with those things is often most injudiciously checked by ill-humour or carelessness in the attendant; and the pretty babe is thus unnecessarily irritated and set a-crying. Be assured, a baby's temper is much injured by the peevishness and ill-timed interference of the maid who carries it on her arm.

Never give an infant an article in play that requires watching: the attendant may forget to watch, and accident may probably ensue


When an infant is playing with something improper for it to have, its attendant will sometimes snatch away the article, and set the baby a-screaming. This is unkind as well as injudicious: let a substitute, equally amusing, be provided; and with a little management the exchange may be made without diminishing the smiles of the pretty babe. Sometimes a little puppy or kitten is given up for the amusement of an infant. There is a great degree of cruelty in this: independent of the claws of the kitten rendering it an improper object to be played with, the infant is continually, though unconsciously, inflicting torture on the helpless victim.

When an infant stretches forth its hands to grasp what is not proper for it to have, at once express by your looks your disapprobation. Words it cannot understand; but it well understands the tone of voice, and the expression of the countenance. Let any one who doubts this look at an infant standing in his mother's lap, and gazing in her face:

if she shake her head and frown, will he not lower his under lip, and whimper? if she laughs, immediately he laughs also; and if she looks sad and grieved, anxiety and sorrow steal over his baby face; and I have frequently seen the sweet cherub take up his little frock to dry his mother's tears. All this proves how capable an infant is of understanding your disapprobation.

With the first dawn of reason, a mother should commence the discipline of her child. To control his will, to correct all fretfulness and impatience, and to indulge him in nothing that he passionately cries for, should be her most earnest effort. And let her remember, that this discipline is perfectly consistent with the tenderest and most affectionate kindness.

“Discipline may be begun much sooner than it is generally supposed. The sympathies even of infants are quick, and powerfully affected by the manner, look, and tone of voice of those about them. Something therefore may undoubtedly be done towards influencing the mind in the first two or three years of infancy;” and it is inexcusable in a mother to neglect such a very important matter.



Can the beauty of truth, or the deformity of falsehood, be impressed on the mind of so young a child? Yes, truly! in a great degree it can. I have seen a pretty baby just beginning to speak, trotting about the garden, and on being asked, "Who broke that fine geranium?" his answer was, "The little bee, mamma." A sensible person might have said, "Alas! sweet child, why are the first accents which pass those ruby lips allowed to be polluted by falsehood?"

Many persons who allow themselves to treat children, during their earliest years, merely as playthings, humouring their caprices, and sacrificing to present fancies their future welfare; when the charm of infancy is past, commence a system of restraint and severity, and display displeasure and irritability at the very defects of which they have themselves laid the foundation. "Then," Locke says, "parents wonder to taste the stream bitter, when they themselves have poisoned the fountain."

Perhaps, gentle lady, it may not be the will of your heavenly Father that you should be greeted by the name of mother. Perhaps he may, as it were, say to you, "It is not my pleasure for the present to comply with

thy heart's wish; but seek me, and wait on me, and I may yet bring it to pass." But should this not be the case, even then could you but know why he seems deaf to your prayer, you would perhaps adore the motive of his denial, and feel with gratitude your escape from the misery which would have attended the completion of your wishes.* The disappointed hope may be the means of drawing you nearer to God; and you

* The author had a relation that was married some years without having a child. Her feelings partook not only of grief, but of anguish: at length, a lovely boy was granted her.—“Spare, O God, the life of *my blessing*,” was her constant prayer. Her blessing *was* spared: he grew to the years of manhood; squandered a fine fortune; married a servant-maid; and broke his mother's heart!!!

Another intimate friend of the author's was inconsolable for not having children. At length, the prospect of her becoming a mother was certain, and her joy was extreme. The moment of trial arrived: for four days and nights her sufferings and torture were not to be allayed by medical skill or human aid. At length her cries ceased; and, at the same moment that she gave birth to *two* children, she herself had become a corpse. “Give me children,” said the impatient and weeping Rachel, “or else I die.” (Gen. xxx. 1.) Her prayer was heard, and in giving birth to her boy the ill-judging mother expired.

Another impassioned mother, as she bent over the bed of her sick infant, called out, “Oh, no; I *cannot* resign him. It is impossible; I *cannot* resign him.” A person present, struck with her words, noted them down in a daily journal which he kept. The boy recovered; and that day one-and-twenty years he was hanged as a murderer!!!


may yet apply to yourself those consolatory words—"Blessed is the barren that is undefiled: she shall have fruit in the visitation of souls." (Wisdom iii. 13.)

And again, what a sweet promise to the childless who please God, and keep the Sabbath, and take hold of his covenant: "Even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters: I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off." (Isaiah lvi. 5.)

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

AND now, fair reader, on the first of all subjects, allow me a moment's attention. When surrounded by affluence and comforts,—when happy in the possession of your husband's affections, and blessed with a smiling offspring,—when health sparkles in your eyes, and pleasure attends your footsteps,—then “beware lest thou forget the Lord.” Beware and “tremble, ye women that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones: rise up, ye women that are at ease; hear my voice, ye careless daughters; give ear unto my speech.” (Isaiah xxxii. 11, 9.) Now, gentle lady, observe with great attention those very remarkable expressions of the prophet. He says not, Tremble, ye women who *live in sin*; but, *Tremble, ye women who live at ease*. He says not, Be troubled, ye WICKED ones; but, *Be troubled, ye CARELESS ones*—ye careless daughters—ye who dress, and dance, and laugh, and sing, and who never read of me,



nor think of me, nor speak of me. Hear this, and tremble, ye careless daughters, and know that "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." (1 Tim. v. 6.)

In proportion to your joy is your responsibility to use gratefully the mercies bestowed. The highest condition—the most perfect completion of human happiness, is a wise and happy marriage. Those who are permitted to taste its serene delights owe it to the world that they live usefully and benevolently. The sunshine permitted to their soul should shine forth to irradiate the path of the less happy. Above all, seek heavenly love, and that will enkindle human affection, and spiritualize human intercourse. Sweet is the picture a gifted poetess has given of the "Home of Love:"

"Love, shall I read thy dream? Oh! is it not
All of some sheltering wood-embosom'd spot—
A bower for thee and thine?
Yes! lone and lowly is that home; yet there
Something of heaven in the transparent air
Makes every flower divine.

"Something that mellows and that glorifies,
Breathes o'er it ever from the tender skies,
As o'er some blessed isle;
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow
Kindling rich woods, whereon the ethereal bow
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

“There by the hearth should many a glorious page,
From mind to mind the immortal heritage,
For thee its treasures pour ;
Or music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
Or dearer interchange of playful word,
Affection's household lore.

“And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly should arise ;
Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring breath
Of spirits not to be disjoin'd by death,
Up to the starry skies.” *

* Mrs. Hemans.

CONCLUDING WHISPER

• TO BOTH

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

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HUSBAND AND WIFE.

“A little explain'd, a little endured, a little pass'd over as a foible,
And lo, the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.”—TUPPER.


CHAPTER I.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

TEMPER is the key-stone of the arch of domestic happiness. All will be uncertain, and tend to swift destruction, if this is not secure. There are a multitude of foolish remarks current in society on the subject of temper. With some persons it is looked on as a mere matter of physical temperament, and therefore independent of the will. Others excuse or even flatter a hasty temper by saying, “Well, my heart is warm, and my temper partakes of its warmth.” Many

apologize to themselves, and presumptuously to others, for petulance and perversity, by saying, "I may not have a very good temper, but no one can say I have a bad disposition; and disposition is more than temper." As if it were not obvious that even the most intimate friends must often judge of the disposition by the temper.

The great familiarity and close intercourse of married life naturally breaks down all those reserves and restraints which conceal the character from ordinary observation. It is impossible that people can long *seem* to each other to be what they are not, in such an intimate relationship. Faults of temper, particularly as they are most easily elicited by the trivial, yet often perverse accidents of daily life, are soonest discovered and quickest resented. It cannot, perhaps, be helped, that (though it is certainly a misfortune) persons know far less of each other's temper than of any individual peculiarity before marriage. Without any intended insincerity each may involuntarily deceive the other on this point. For during courtship each is pleased with the other. The gloss of novelty is on every action and sentiment; the light of love is shedding its lustre




on every look, and adding a grace to manner, an embellishment to character. Often courtships are not only short, but the intercourse is very limited even for the time. It is natural that both should wish to *seem*, and try to be, agreeable to the other during the period of intercourse before marriage. On all great points of mutually interesting opinions or important principles, sensible people take care to be agreed; and ordinary prudence points out the propriety of such a general conformity of sentiments, and mind and manners, as shall be decidedly pleasing to each. This conformity by no means implies uniformity. The law of contrast often obtains, and very happily in marriage—more often than the law of similarity; but it must be a contrast that blends and harmonizes; there must be affinity even in diversity. But temper can only be known by daily intercourse, and it may be that new scenes, and new duties, and new trials, may develop peculiarities and manifestations that before were only latent, and therefore both unknown and unsuspected even to the careful self-observer, to say nothing of the proverbially blinded eyes of affection.

However well known to each other on

many points, on this, husband and wife are strangers; with the great disadvantage of mutually exaggerated expectations. "What! my gentle bride capable of petulance and perversity! soured and annoyed by a trifle; oh, that's impossible!"—"My husband loves me too well to be exacting and impatient as some men are; he has no such failings, or if he have them he will never show them to me." These are the mutual fancies: the rainbow hopes that often melt from glowing tints into bitter tears. From such mutual misapprehensions ensue disappointment, discomfort, disagreement: the clear blue sky that spread so serenely over the nuptial morn is obscured by clouds, and threatening with tempests that gloom nearer and nearer, and at length, perchance, burst! The parties, it may be, never more believing in matrimony being a tranquil clime, and complaining they were deceived. Alas, poor pair! their own vivid imaginations and the conventional arrangements of society, always presenting a smooth surface, deceived them—let them not blame each other.

Such being a probable evil contingent upon marriage; and a most tormenting evil, for it was not expected, and small matters



are the main elements that cause it; the question naturally arises, What is the remedy? The answer is contained in one word—Forbearance!

Husband, it is well for thee to think thy wife an angel—"a spirit, yet a woman too." Think her so still—keep firm to that article of faith, it will irradiate thy home like the sunbeam—

"Touching all things with hues of heaven."

But prithee consider, if some bright angel really left its sphere, to be thy companion in a home in this strange world of ours, would not the earthly trials sadly perplex the angelic temperament? Wife—thy husband is certainly a miracle of talent, affection, wisdom—the eighth wonder of the world, perchance. There is no harm, but immense good in thy thinking him so; still just consider how his very superiority enables him to see defects. How natural it is that he should feel a little impatient. Think how he is tried with his intercourse with a world that perhaps does not understand him; certainly, according to thy estimate, undervalues him. He comes home ruffled and worn from buffeting with its storms to the haven of home. Let it be a quiet haven,

a safe anchorage, as far as in thee lies. Be not surprised, still less offended at him. Think of the storms without, and determine on a calm within. Yes—determine! It all lies in that. It is a miserable creed, degrading to human nature, (imperfect as we confess that to be,) to believe that temper is a mere matter of temperament; that our gentleness, generosity, cheerfulness, depends wholly on the state of the stomach or the nerves, and that our whole train of domestic virtues may be put to flight by a fit of bile or indigestion. Health has much, doubtless, to do with mirth, hilarity, buoyancy, and beauty; but unless quite victims of disease, the will—the energetic will—standing on the vantage ground of Christian principle and duty, can command temper. Such a will counsels mutual forbearance, because of mutual faults. For think as highly as ye will, O married pair, of each other, sad will be your lot if ye individually think “more highly of yourselves than ye ought to think.” Forbear to assert thy masculine supremacy on every trivial occasion, O husband; more willingly does the female heart render the homage that is not exacted. Forbear to plead thy feminine weakness, and to expect indulgence

in thy caprices, O wife; men theorize on the charms of weakness, the loveliness of dependence, the duty of women to please, but they like not that their theories should be invariably reduced to practice. Strength, and not weakness, man requires from woman; strength to endure, strength to act; "doing good and enduring ill;" energy in the active, strength in the passive, is man's claim on woman. Forbear, both of you, for the just and simple reason that each needs forbearance.

Correct views of life will strengthen this principle of forbearance. Experience is the great practical teacher; yet few who begin married life are acquainted with its lessons. They have theories of their own instead of experience. They are enthusiastic, imaginative, affectionate; an ideal spreads before them coloured by the roseate hues of love. And it may be that looking upward and beyond, living in visions and dreaming dreams, they are rudely aroused by some awkward stumble on the very threshold of the new existence they have entered on, and instead of mutually helping each other to rise again—mutually taking heed of their steps, leaning on, strengthening and sus-

taining each other, they begin to find fault, and charge on each the false step at first; thus prolonging its consequences, and by disunion making succeeding stumbles almost inevitable.

If THE BOOK ! the good old book, divine and blessed, were "the man of our counsel," its teachings would forestall experience; would give wisdom to the masculine heart, judgment to the feminine brain. Experience has been well compared to the stern-lights of a ship, illumining the path that is already passed with its ray, to show what might have been, rather than guiding our course. But Bible truth, in reference merely to the life that now is, is "a lamp to the feet, a light to the path." It teaches caution at every step, "The prudent man foreseeth the evil." It shows the pitfalls beneath the flowers; it tells us not only of the joys of life, but of its duties; not only of the privileges of existence, but its burdens. It bids us be humble and watchful in prosperity, "lest our hearts be hardened," and "we forget God;" it encourages us to be hopeful and trustful in adversity, for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." It bids us in the time of ease and competency, with neither

poverty nor riches, to be active; "for no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." A record of every human being's life, either for good or evil, is written on the character or heart of some other human being. Even infant children, who have but inhaled enough of this world's air to respire a feeble cry, have in the emotions that cry excited strengthened and purified some soul for good, as with angelic power; or, alas! for the reverse, withered the heart's vitality as with the lightning's force. And while the Bible gives us this lesson of life, it reveals our inmost hearts to us; our selfishness, our subtlety,—more than all, our feebleness. It tells this not only by precepts that we feel to be true, but by example in the lives, not of the weak and wicked only, but of the wise and good. How strict the fidelity, how perfect the impartiality that tells us of the errors, the failings, the crimes, of the best and holiest; teaching us that none should boast and none despair, for there is no height of human virtue above temptation, no depth of human iniquity below repentance. Strange it is to note, as a study of human nature, that most of the recorded sins of the holy characters of old were errors

in that very peculiarity of character which seemed most eminently distinctive of excellence. Abraham, the most faithful of men, sins by falsehood ; Moses, the meekest, by anger ; Miriam, the affectionate, by slander ; Eli, the pious, by supineness ; David, the spiritual, by sensuality ; Solomon, the wise, by foolish idolatry. They seem to have each fallen, not from want of watchfulness over vices incidental to their characters, but for want of vigilance over their virtues, to keep blooming and verdant the good qualities with which they were gifted.

If such are the outlines of the teachings of Scripture, how watchful should it make us over ourselves—how indulgent and compassionate towards others, particularly those we love and with whom we live. To us they may be, and ought to be, the best and fairest, but yet they are human. The most generous spirit will have its times of exacting and perhaps unreasonable requirement ; its periods of selfishness, when its own will and not another's comfort is paramount. A man's nature may be very noble, yet very impetuous ; he may have no conviction of error in his assertions of authority, no idea of tyranny in his resolute supremacy. He may

resolve to act on the Apostle's injunction, "to rule his house," forgetting the comprehensive meaning of the word "WELL" that concludes the admonition. With many imperfections and difficulties of character he may be a good man; the sound grained wood is not to be rejected because of a few knots in it; and if he be a husband it is a wife's duty, and her interest too, to try to adapt herself to his wishes in all matters not involving a departure from clear principles of right; the law of cheerful patience with foibles, an adaptation to individual peculiarities of minor moral import, is the rule of comfort in daily intercourse; it is a part of that philosophy of trifles so important, and yet so difficult at times to practise.

Then, however amiable and gentle a wife may be,—

"E'en in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes."

Household affairs go wrong, nerves and spirits are rebellious, and just when it is hard work to bear with herself, there comes some trying exigency of temper calling for endurance in reference to others. Wonder not, O husband, that a cloud should gather in those eyes usually so clear, a frown con-

tract the brow generally so smooth; that the mouth, better to you in its gifts than the pretty fairy tale of the gem-dropping lips, should have lost its power of imparting joy. Look not with disdain on small vexations; are they the less hard to bear because small? May not the possibility of their frequency painfully compensate for their pettiness? Spare the sneer that brings lightning into the cloudy eyes, restrain the gibe that fixes the frown on the brow—a brand of woe for ever. A kind look, powerful in its silent eloquence; a sympathising glance, irresistible in its voiceless appeal; a calm “word in season fitly spoken;” these recal the scattered elements of good humour, and all blends harmoniously again, the disturbing cause as well as the effect happily forgotten.

The great secret is, to learn to bear with each other’s failings: not, to be blind to them, that is either an impossibility or a folly; we must see and feel them; if we do neither they are not evils to us, and there is obviously no need of forbearance: but to throw the mantle of affection round them concealing them from all other eyes; to determine not to let them chill the affections; to resolve to cultivate good-tempered forbearance

because it is the only way of mitigating the present evil, always with a view to ultimate amendment. Surely it is not the perfection but the imperfection of human character that makes the strongest claim on love. All the world must approve, even enemies must admire, the good and the estimable in human nature. If husband and wife estimate only that in each which all must be constrained to value, what do they more than others? It is infirmities of character, imperfections of nature, that call for the pitying sympathy, the tender compassion that make each the comforter, the monitor of the other. Forbearance helps each to attain command over themselves. Few are the creatures so utterly evil as to abuse a generous confidence, a calm forbearance. Married persons should be pre-eminently friends, and fidelity is the great privilege of friendship. The forbearance here contended for is not a weak and wicked indulgence of each other's faults, but such a calm, tender observance of them as excludes all harshness and anger, and takes the best and gentlest methods of pointing them out in the full confidence of affection. If people are to be help-mates, this must arise by being in each other's full confidence

both as to the strength and weakness of the character; to have such a method of promoting the good and checking the evil of the heart as shall least wound the self-esteem of the husband and the love of approbation of the wife. "Speaking the truth in love," should be the motto of every married pair. Oh, what a world would ours be if the Apostle's injunction were carried out! The truth, pure, perfect; but often most hard, most painful. Spoken in love,—the good of the object the motive of the speech; the tenderness as unmistakeable as the truth. Where is the heart that could resist it? Not thine, O thoughtful husband, feeling thy manhood the more ennobled in that thou hast a wise as well as sweet companion, who honours thee too much to doubt thy ability to bear the truth, who loves thee too well to utter it painfully. Who can resist the might of gentleness? Not thou, O wife, rightly feeling that withholding a wholesome truth because it may be unpalatable, is treating thee not as a rational being but as a spoiled child—a pet, a plaything; not a friend, not even a companion. The sweet drop of love in the draught shall neutralize the bitter: it is a tonic to strengthen thee for the future.

In all cases there must be the truth and the love; the two must go together; separate they create only confusion. Their union was indeed made in heaven, and is the truest emblem of the heavenly.

One of the strongest prudential arguments in favour of good-temper is because of this necessity of each being monitor to each. How much has manner to do with every sentiment! How many a phrase of charity may be so harshly uttered as to convey only bitterness; how many a pungent rebuke so gaily and affectionately spoken as to strike home to the conviction without wounding the heart! Our dispositions, our intentions, who can know them? Our manners, all can judge of them. Cheerfulness of countenance, gaiety of manner, who shall tell their worth? Happy are those of whom it may be said in the language of one of the most spiritual of our female poets:—

“In her utmost lightness there is truth,—and often she speaks
lightly,
And has a grace in being gay, which mourners even approve;
For the root of some grave earnest thought is understruck so rightly.
As to justify the foliage, and waving flowers above.”

Another prudential argument on the government of the temper and generous

forbearance, is, that it ensures respectful consideration and deference. A violent man, a petulant woman, may selfishly and foolishly yield to the promptings of an evil will, the ebullition of an unbridled spirit; but such manifestation is sure ultimately to recoil on themselves. The peace they have violated they must woo back by bitter or mean compliances, humiliating apologies, petty excuses, all alike repugnant to a really noble nature, but the well-merited though inadequate punishment of despotism or caprice. A common mistake prevails in reference to certain exhibitions of character. Some people suppose that great mildness in man or woman is an evidence of tameness, not to say weakness; while a hasty, exuberant, impetuous spirit is by some theorists thought to be an evidence of strength. Power, whether of mind or matter, is calm, and often silent. The light that throws its robe of beauty over all is quiet; the shallow stream that a child can wade goes brawling on its way, while the river rolls its vast volume calmly along. A quiet nature that can consider while others contend, that can reflect where others rebuke, is the strong nature, and by the very force of its innate power must rule, because it has

no impetuosity to atone for, no rashness to deplore. It inspires confidence by its self-control, enforces esteem by its discretion, wins or retains affection by its gentleness.

If a married pair both possessed such a well-poised, equable temper, few and far between would be misunderstanding and dispute. If they differed, as they might, they would agree to differ. Each would render a reason which would be respected, if not adopted by the other, (I speak not of important matters, where authority decides, but of daily trifles;) peace to such a pair would be paramount. "Are not our interests one, our loves one, our joys one, our sorrows one? Shall a trifle break this unity?" Reason, to say nothing of affection, answers a decided "No," to such a query. But it is hoping too much, in this strangely assorted world of ours, to suppose that two mild tempers should meet. The law of contrast, of which mention has been made, forbids. The violent and the gentle, the self-controlled and the capricious, are often mated: with these the duty of forbearance requires that the strong should bear the burden of the weak.

Hear silently, O gentle wife! thy hus-

band's gusty words. Opposition would but prolong and increase the storm. Let it pass ; a time will come when his heart will tell him, though his lips say it not, that it was ungenerous thus to have spoken, not so much because he was in the wrong, as because thou wert so gentle ; thy mild brow will rise to his recollection, and rebuke him far more than words. Each fit of passion shall grow weaker under thy voiceless censure, till he become in some measure like the gentle being he loves. Yes, "bear and forbear" while the tempest rages, but take an opportunity, in justice to thyself and him, at some calm holy time, when his heart is open to right influences, to expostulate, to admonish. Let him not think thee insensible : be not so misunderstood ; let him know the wrong was felt, though not resented. It requires tact and delicacy to do this, but it can be done to mutual advantage.

Be not severe to mark, or rigorous to condemn, O calm, thoughtful husband ! the caprices of thy petulant wife. Prevent steadily and mildly the folly, if thou canst ; if not, wait till haste is over, till you are alone, and then appeal to reason, if she have a brain ; to love, if she have a heart ; to in-


terest, if she have neither. Assert thy power, but so mildly that she must respect, so justly that she must repent. In time the petulance, the vanity shall cease, and she shall reflect thine image.

The wise and the good-tempered are not guiltless concerning their less favoured fellow-creatures. Strong in their own superior calmness, they think it sufficient to parade their own excellence, forgetting that good-temper is a talent to be employed in cultivating the same grace in others. Much ill-temper subsists through the bad methods taken by the good-tempered to subdue it. Irritation, not healing, is the consequence of injudicious interference.

It is strange that people who are apt to be ruffled on every slight occasion, do not perceive how completely their tranquillity and happiness are at the mercy of trivial accidents. The comfort of such persons is the sport of circumstances,—a look, a word, a mischance, matters which no foresight could prevent, and which may happen continually, and must happen often to all,—and their serenity is destroyed, and peace exiled. How miserable the pair whose domestic happiness can be thus disturbed;

who, instead of having peace as an inward principle, look for it in external matters, and become the victims of every little disappointment, every perverse accident! They are the slave of servants, the tool of guests, the impatient drudges in a house of bondage, who can be tormented and fretted by the meanest person and the most trivial chance, nay, whose ill-humour actually provides the implements of torture to be used against them by others.

Yet what after all, O married pair! are human rules except based on Divine precepts? What are earthly plans if they do not embody heavenly principles? Yours should be "the perfect love that casteth out fear;" the love that is "without dissimulation;" the love that "suffereth long and is kind;" the love that "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;" the love that "is not easily provoked, that thinketh no evil;" the love that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." This is the love that shall irradiate earth and rekindle in heaven. This is "the story without an end that angels throng to hear." Happy human pair who are the depository of this love! Ye have been taught of Him



who renders all other teaching superfluous ; for you the word forbearance has a wide significance, an individual as well as relative application. It means to you, “ forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.” Ye need no human benediction as ye walk together in the calm light of your tranquil joy ; yet those who take note of you as hand in hand ye go, relieve their full hearts by saying, — “ God bless you ! ”

THE END.





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